THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 65. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 724 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY OCTOBER 31 1885. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 16.

IN THE SAND.

BY G. D. B.

Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my line away.

And so, methought, 'twill quickly be,
With every mark on earth of me,
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been, to be no more—
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name;
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame.

A Thief in the Candle.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOUBLE CUNNING," "UNDER WILD SKIES," "ALONG THE LINE," "BENEATH THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

GRACE'S heart sank lower, and the terrible feeling of dread she felt nearly gained the mastery; but she drew a long breath, set her teeth, and her eyes flashed as she looked round for some means of escape.

"No," he said, smiling, "there is none, my dear little girl; you must look the difficulty in the face. There, I am not going to frighten you, only I may as well tell you that the fly with the two men has gone; that we are entirely alone in this house; and that in future you may look upon it as your home."

"Why have you brought me here?" she cried.

"Why have I brought you here?" he said, drawing a chair before the window and sitting down. "What a childish question! You know. I would say plainly—because I love you, and long to pour out all my promises of faith and truth; but how can I when those beautiful eyes are flashing fire at me, and those rosy little lips are nipped so tightly together, instead of being ready to whisper love for love. I shall wait till the little bird is more used to the cage," he added, laughing, "then we shall see how she shall sing."

The cold perspiration stood on Grace's brow as she stood there watching her captor ready to spring aside should he rise, and as she watched him she reviewed her position, and tried to devise some means of getting away.

She thought of his words, and that perhaps they were true.

They must be, she thought, or he would not have dared to trap her thus. For she felt that she was trapped, and that, in spite of the warning whispers of her heart, she had been weak enough to walk right into this scoundrel's snare.

Help? Where could she get help? Her father was also in Devick's power. The boy had been deluded and sent away, though she clung to the faint hope that he might have followed the cab.

No, it was hopeless; she was alone, and must trust to her woman's wit to save her; but how?

Just then Devick rose, with a curious smile upon his lip which made her shrink away. "There, then; calm down, little bird," he said, half contemptuously, "and try and think sensibly. You are a weak little thing and I am a strong man; but you don't suppose I am going to seize my pretty tender captive and make her beat her wings and tear her soft feathers? No, Gracie; I've been waiting for this for years, and you shall be my little wife. You shall come to me gently and lovingly, accepting your fate, and there shall be no folly; or injured-heroine business. It shall be all matter-of-fact common sense."

"You told me you would set my father at liberty!" she cried, in a voice full of angry contempt.

"Hah! That's right!" he cried, half banteringly. "Bravo, bright eyes! Well done little beauty! Making terms already. That's common sense. Well, so I will. He shall be set free the day we are married; and I'll do more—I'll do what I promised him; make him and your mother comfortable for life. You know I did."

"I know nothing of the kind!" she cried, involuntarily.

"You do know," he said. "I promised them when I came and asked you in marriage, as a gentleman should. Did they not tell you?"

He read his answer in her astonished face.

"They did not tell you, then!" he cried. "Ha, ha! that makes my task the easier. You'll forgive me, then, little one, now. You see how determined I was. I said I would have you, and I tried by fair means. I was refused, so I said I would still have you, even if it was by foul. That is why you are here. You see how tenderly and kindly all has been done. All that follows shall be tender loving and kind."

"Mr. Devick," she said, trying to speak calmly, "I did not know of all this."

"And now you do know you are going to be sensible," he said. "That's well. Only love me and you shall have all you can desire. You shall fix your own wedding day, choose your own dresses. Only remember, you are here—you are mine, and that I will not be played with."

She looked despairingly round.

"No use," he said, laughing; "the place is quite safe. I took all precautions, Gracie, and there is nothing for you but to surrender at discretion."

"Mr. Devick, if you mean what you say, give me time to think."

"Yes, afterwards, as much as you please," he said laughing.

"Let me go home now, I beg of you. I am a woman—at your mercy—I beg of you—let me go home now."

"Home? Why, you are at home!" he cried. "A luxurious little home. Your own. I give it to you. Do you want jewels—dresses—a carriage and horses? Only speak, you shall choose what you like, my darling. Only be gentle and kind, and set aside all this foolish resistance. There, come and sit down by me here and let's talk sensibly."

She shrank away from him with a look of terror that made him bite his lip.

"Mr. Devick, I insist upon this door being unfastened."

"When my fetters are unfastened," he said, with a beam of his dark eyes. "What nonsense! Do you suppose I am going to let you play with me now that I have you safe? No, no, little dove, you must get used to your cage."

"I will go!" she cried; and she caught at the handle of the door and shook it with all her might.

"Well done, temper!" he said, laughing. "Now come and try these doors again—they are stronger than that."

In the agony of her despair she darted to the folding-doors and shook at them and beat at the panels.

"Don't, don't!" he said, quietly; "you'll hurt those little hands."

"Help! Help!"

"Foolish child!" he cried. "What is the use of straining your musical little throat? No one could hear you if you called twice as loudly. Come, come, be sensible. You will not? Then I shall talk no more."

He started from his chair, and as he advanced towards her she drew back and made a dart for the other end of the room but he was too quick for her.

Throwing out one hand he caught her by the arm, swung her round, and clasped her tightly in his arms.

"There," he said, in a fierce whisper, "who is master now?"

Grace responded with a wild cry for help: and at that moment there was a tremendous peal at a bell outside the door, as if someone had seized the wire and were keeping on dragging it to and fro without ever ceasing.

Devick uttered a fierce oath, half threw Grace into one of the lounges and seized the handle of the folding-doors.

"Bah! Locked!" he muttered; and crossing the room he threw open the door by which they had entered, and the sound of the bell came in loud and incessantly.

He ran through the outer room, and before he was half way Grace had reached the door, banged it to, and turned the key.

Just then the bell ceased ringing, and Devick darted back and shook the door.

"Unlock this!" he said, sharply; but his voice sounded deep and muffled.

Grace did not answer, but stood there, tremblingly supporting herself as she clung to the handle.

"Unlock this door will you!" came again in Devick's voice, low and deep with passion.

She made no answer, but stood listening, her breath coming in labored sobs, and her eyes dilated with fear.

"Will you unlock this door?" he cried again.

No answer; and then as she listened, she heard him mutter something just faintly heard; there was the sound of a door swung back with a crash; then steps outside; and she knew that he had gone round, to come in at the back through the folding-doors.

Even as she thought this there was the rattle of the key behind her, and the cracking sound of the opening doors, as, with a cry of horror, she tried to open that by which she clung, but it refused to yield.

* * * * * *

ROBSON IS BACK.

It was quite evening when Devick returned to Counter street and walked straight up to where Clara was seated in the twilight.

"You are late," she said; "are you ready for dinner?"

"No; I have dined."

"It is not true," she thought to herself. He looked at her curiously, and a strange thrill ran through her as she thought of the unscrupulous nature of the man with whom she had to deal; but she made no sign, merely waited, keeping herself on the defensive, ready in case she should be attacked.

"If I only thought that she had any hand in it," he muttered.

Not that he had any cause for connecting her with his disappointment, but because he was seeking a scapegoat upon which to vent his spleen.

For Devick had seen nothing of her at his little villa—found nothing that would connect her with the disappearance of Grace, for whom he had remained waiting impatiently first at one and then the other door.

Clara was right in her surmise, he had set it down to coyness, to obstinacy, to defiance—first to one and then to the other, as he waited hour after hour, summoning her whom he believed he was besieging to surrender from time to time.

It was approaching evening before, in a violent excess of rage, he announced that he would break in the door or window if his prisoner did not surrender; and he then kept his word, obtaining entrance by the latter, and nearly falling a victim afterwards to apoplexy in his rage.

He dared not go to Robson's to make inquiries, but went and sought out Rixon, whom he made his ambassador, the latter encountering Jack, who readily imparted to him the fact that he had been cheated, and Miss Grace had been taken away and had not returned.

Rixon received half a sovereign for his trouble, and was sent back to keep strict watch upon the house and report whatever changes he observed—a duty which he executed by going straight to a favorite resort and drinking gin-and-water with a patience and perseverance that were most remarkable.

From time to time he came and reported progress, and had the duty all to himself, for Gedge had been engaged in the abduction, and so was precluded temporarily from acting the part of spy.

And so the days rolled on.

"No, guv'nor; nothing at all particler to report. Adam Robson's back again."

"Yes; I knew that," muttered Devick, for he had had notice from his solicitors that the debt was paid, and he ground his teeth as he thought of how one of his tools was useless for the future.

"Mrs. Robson's sick in bed, and that there doctor goes to see her every day."

Devick nodded.

"Folks are talking a deal, too, about Robson's gal running away with you as soon as her father was shut up in prison."

"Well?"

"And they say they knew all along that she was not much good."

"Well?"

"That's about all," said Rixon. "No—stop a minute—that little old girl who used to come charing here told me that Robson was going to move as soon as the doctor said the missus might."

"That will do!" said Devick, and he dismissed his man, sending him back to his duty of keeping watch, and picking up information in a manner that was very profitable to the owner of the above-named public-house.

The news that Rixon had brought, though was pretty correct, for there was a mingling of misfortune and good fortune at Adam Robson's house, and matters were pretty regularly sandwiched, or dealt out to him in layers by fate.

Upon the top of the despair and agony Robson suffered on the tidings arriving respecting the loss of his child came a visit from the solicitor seen by Frank Brand, to tell him that he was free, his debt to Devick paid, and that he had only to sign an I O U for the amount—a precaution taken by the solicitor on behalf of his friend.

He went home excited with the hope, and full of desire to help Brand in his search.

Brand had not been to his house, neither had he communicated with Mrs. Robson.

Jack was interrogated; he had been with Mr. Brand.

Yes, he had been with him to old Devick's and then Mr. Brand had gone to his own house, and afterwards sent him home.

"Did he say what he was going to do?"

"Not much, master. I wanted him to go and hunt out the cabby, but he shook his head and—and——"

"Well, boy, speak out!" cried Robson.

"Well, he wouldn't do anything else, only waggle his head, sir; and I've been

hunting everywhere for that there cab, and for Barny Gedge, and I can't find neither on 'em."

Robson went straight to Brand's house, and found that he was always absent seeing patients. At last he caught him, though.

"Well, what have you done, Mr. Brand? Any clue?"

"No," said Brand, shaking his head.

"Did you see Devick?"

"No."

"But you are going to see him?"

"No, Mr. Robson," said Brand. "I thought it better, as you were freed, that you should see him—you, the father."

"But, Mr. Brand, why this sudden cooling down? I thought——"

"Mr. Robson, I must ask you not to question me," said Brand, coldly; "I have tried to serve you. I am trying to serve you, but you must excuse me from taking further part in this matter."

"Then you know something. You have found out something that you will not tell me. Some terrible accident to my child!" cried Robson, excitedly.

"No, sir, no. Pray do not think that."

"Then speak out. What do you mean? You don't think—you can't think—that Grace went of her own free will?"

Brand was silent.

"Mr. Brand! If this were any other man, I should not be surprised. But from you!"

There was a curiously dull, despairing look in the young doctor's face as he looked the goldsmith full in the eyes.

"I see, Mr. Brand," said Robson, sternly, "you are ready to believe ill of us. I can fight my own battle here."

He strode out of the doctor's consulting room with a fierce look in his eyes.

"The man is my enemy," he said, "who doubts my daughter's truth. It is false. He believes she went away of her own free will. My child! Ah!"

He went straight from Brand's to Counter street, to find, to his surprise, that Devick was at home, and willing to see him.

He was shown into the library by Clara, who looked at him pityingly, but did not say a word more than was necessary.

"Now, Rice Devick!" cried Robson, going straight to him as he rose from where he was writing at the table, "where is my child?"

He tried, in a fierce access of rage, to catch Devick by the throat; but the latter was too quick, and caught and held his hands.

"Are you mad, Robson?"

"If I am, you have made me!" he cried. "Where is my child?"

"What, Miss Grace? How should I know man?"

"No quibbling, sir. I say, where is my child? You deluded her into coming here: you took her away from here in a cab, and you have her somewhere in your power. Where is she now?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Devick, coolly. "Why not drop this passionate, excited tone, and speak quietly?"

"You do not know? Liar!"

"Well, Mr. Robson, you are out of my debt now, and by using such terms as this I presume that you no not intend to work further for me, so suppose we bring this interview to an end!"

"When I know where my child is, and have dragged her out of your clutches, you scoundrel!"

"Absurd! My good fellow, I know nothing whatever about your daughter."

Robson was staggered by his coolness.

"Do you mean to deny that you took her away from here after deceiving her about the object for which she had come?"

"Deceived her, man? Not I. She came here to go with me to the prison, to set you at liberty; but I had to go round by my little private house off Finchley Road, to get some papers."

"She went with you there?"

"Certainly; and I asked her in to wait for me. When I returned to the little drawing-room she had gone."

"This is a lying invention."

"Call it what you please, Mr. Robson; it is true," said Devick, coldly.

"I say it is a lie, you villain!"

"Say what you please, man; but my h quickly and go. I am busy."

"Where is my child!"

"I have told you I do not know."

"It is false! You must have her at that place."

"I wish I had," he sneered. "I should not tell you what I tell you now. Go up there and see."

"Then you have her elsewhere."

"Hah! don't weary me, man. Once for all, I tell you I know nothing of your child."

He smiled as he spoke and flung off Robson, who tried again to catch him by the throat.

"You have forced her away from me."

"She wanted no forcing," said Devick, laughing.

"Once more; will you tell me where she is?"

"No."

"Then the police shall force you!" cried Robson. "Ah! that makes you start. Now we shall see."

He left the house and went straight to the police, gave all the information he could, and asked for help to find his child.

Then, going home in despair, it was to find hopeful news. Brand's solicitor had been there and wished to see him respecting the invention.

"Is there really anything in it, Adam?" asked Mrs. Robson, laying her hands upon her husband's shoulder.

"What I always told you," he said, bitterly. "It is a fortune."

"Then we shall be rich?" cried Mrs Robson, clasping her hands.

"Yes," he said, bitterly, "now it is too late. What is a fortune to us without our child?"

Mrs. Robson said nothing, but clung to her husband, reading in his countenance nothing but suggestions that made her heart sink.

"Why do you not speak to me?" she said at length. "Pray—pray say something. This torture is more than I can bear."

"What am I to say, Hannah?" he replied, in a despondent tone.

"Tell me something to give me hope. Tell me you are sure that she is not in that scoundrel's power."

"Shall I tell you what I do not believe?" he said, bitterly.

"He must have——Hush! there is the bell."

Mrs. Robson hastily swept away the traces of her grief and left the room, to return in a minute with Markus, the inspector of police.

"Ah!" cried Robson; "you have some news?"

"Not much, sir. We've been following up this case, and we find that Mr. Devick—man I know—received this young lady at his house in Counter street."

"Yes, yes! Go on."

"Steady, sir! Must consult my notes," said the sergeant. "Boy along with her—you boy, John Dee."

"Yes, yes, man! we know all that."

"Very likely, sir. You had hold of the thread in the middle; I was obliged to take it up at the beginning."

"Go on your own way; only try and put me out of this suspense."

"All right, sir! Man named Gedge—Barny Gedge—was sent for a cab, No. 008072, driven by Thomas Duffin. Boy was sent off. Lady went willingly with Mr. Devick. Driven to Park Cottage, Linden Road, Urbania. They went in."

"How do you know that?"

"Butcher's boy, Samuel Shyne, saw Mr. Devick hand her out. Cab dismissed."

"Then she is there!" cried Mrs. Robson. "Adam, quick! let us go at once."

"No, ma'am; that's where she isn't. We have been over the place, and we have watched it. The young lady must have gone with Mr. Devick somewhere else."

"Forced by him to go somewhere else!" cried Mrs. Robson.

"Can't say that, ma'am. That's all at present."

"But when will you have more news?"

"Can't say, ma'am."

"But you will go on searching?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" said the sergeant, shutting his book with a snap. "I don't mean to lose sight of Mr. Devick, nor of his man, Barny Gedge."

"But you should take them up."

"That's exactly what I should like to do, ma'am, but unfortunately, according to law, you must have something to go upon; and some people are so artful that they won't let you have anything to catch hold of till they make a slip. By the way, would you mind telling me one thing?—it may help me to find out what I want."

"What is it you want to know?" said Robson, quickly.

"You see, sir, you were away, and your good lady here was out."

"Yes."

"Had there been anything between the young lady and this Mr. Devick?"

"What do you mean?" cried Robson, indignantly.

"Don't be offended, sir; I must ask questions. I mean any courting, or anything of that sort?"

Robson was silent for a few moments. Then—

"Mr. Devick asked my child's hand in marriage."

"Yes, sir; go on."

"And I indignantly refused."

"May I ask why, sir?"

"Because I believe him to be a bad, unscrupulous man."

"And the young lady, sir? What did she say about it? Was she willing?"

"My daughter knew nothing about it whatever," said Robson.

"Thankye, sir; that will do. I'll give you a look in as soon I have anything else to communicate."

The sergeant left the room and went thoughtfully away.

"That's bad," he said to himself. "I thought I was going to get hold of Master Devick for something at last. No go! My word! how easily fathers and mothers are taken in!"

He walked on, rubbing his nose with the end of his pencil.

"No use to waste any more time over this. Plain as a pike-staff. They wouldn't let him marry the girl, so, as soon as the old man was caged up, off she goes, leaving the boy with a cock-and-bull story for his master. Well, Joe!"

He had met the policeman who accompanied him to Devick's before.

"Nothing fresh, sir. Have you?"

"Yes; blind lead. Can't touch him there. Girl's gone off with him, plain enough. I thought perhaps we had got hold of him at last."

"So did I, sir."

"Never mind, my lad; we shall have him yet. He'll give us a chance."

"If we could get hold of Ned Marshall."

"Yes, if we could get hold of him and make him speak. Heard of him?"

"No; he keeps out of the way snugly somewhere."

"Humph! yes," said the inspector. "I begin to think, Joe, that he is having a run on the Continent, for a little fresh air."

"Looks like it, sir. Ain't been in any of his old haunts."

"And we've had none of his special put-up sort of jobs lately. Never mind; he is sure to come back, and if we got hold of him it will be like hooking Master Devick too."

CHAPTER XV.

FRIEND OR ENEMY?

WITH a gasping cry full of despair, Grace Robson tugged at the handle, but in vain; and then, turning sharply to seize some weapon to defend herself, she saw one of the folding doors swing open and, instead of Devick, a tall, closely-veiled woman darted in, dragged out the key, inserted it on their side, closed the door, locked it, and took out the key, the swinging ornament dropping down over the place.

"Hist! Don't speak!" whispered the woman. "Trust me."

"For pity's sake——"

"Silence!"

The woman thrust Grace aside, pressed a knob, and the other door opened easily and was thrown back.

Grace would have darted through, but the woman restrained her, and held up her hand, while with the other she grasped Grace's arm with convulsive force.

"Trust me!" she whispered. "Don't move till I bid you! Hark!"

They stood listening with their breath coming and going heavily, as if they had undergone some tremendous exertion, and directly after, faintly heard as if through something that muffled the sound, there was the shivering of glass and a low snap, as if a catch had been thrown back.

"Ah!" ejaculated the woman. "Don't move!"

She darted from Grace's side, crossed the first room, and directly after there came from the passage the sound of a door being closed.

As Grace listened, trembling in an agony of dread, the woman made her start—she came back so suddenly.

"Hist!" she whispered, as she caught Grace's hand.

Just then they saw the handle of the folding doors turn, and the moment after there was the sound of a key being inserted in the lock.

Grace tried to pass into the other room, but the woman checked her, took out the key from the door beside them, replaced it on the outer side as she had done with the other; they passed through, and she locked it, and brought away the key.

"He will think you are there," she whispered. "Come quickly!"

Grace needed no second bidding, but trembling with fear, followed her companion across the first of the little suite of rooms into the passage, and then through the conservatory and down the garden.

The next minute they were at the gate in the wall, with whose fastening the woman seemed to be perfectly familiar, reaching up her hand into some ivy on the wall, taking a key from a nail whereon it hung; and as they passed through this outer gate she inserted the key on the road side and locked it after them.

"It will all give us time," she whispered; "but he will not leave the house while he thinks you are locked in that room."

"Let us run!" panted Grace.

"No, let us walk," said the woman, coolly. "Where do you mean to go?"

"Mean to go?" panted Grace; "home. Where are we? What road is this?"

"If you go home, there is no one to protect you, you foolish child; and he will fetch you away by force, perhaps. Will you trust me?"

"Will you help me, and save me from that man?"

"Yes, if you will trust me, I will take you where you will be safe."

"You promise me?"

"Tell me one thing—do you wish to escape from Rice Devick?"

"Can you ask me that?" cried Grace.

"I will trust you," said the woman. "Will you tell me, though, first, is this a girl's coyness, or do you dislike Rice Devick?"

"I loathe him!" cried Grace, passionately; "he horrifies me!"

"And yet some people would call him handsome!" said the woman, watching Grace through her thick veil as they walked quickly on.

Grace shuddered, and her look of repugnance was so real that her companion drew a long breath.

"Pray—pray make haste!" cried Grace, excitedly, with a hurried glance or two over her shoulder.

"We are making haste," said her companion. "The chances are a hundred to one against his taking the same road as we do, even if he comes out to search for you: but he will not. He believes that you are locked in the room, and"—she said, with a mocking laugh—"he is begging and imploring you to listen to him—to open the door. Why, child, you are pretty and young, and the man is handsome—how can you be so cruel to him?"

"Pray, pray don't talk to me like that!" cried Grace. "I don't know who you are, but you have been very good to me in taking me away, and it hurts me to hear you speak so mockingly."

"Well, then, I will be silent, or only talk about other matters. Not it is absurd. How can we, at a time like this? Tell me, how was it you came there so willingly?"

"Willingly?" cried Grace—"he deceived me. I was told it was a lawyer's house, and that I was to sign a paper as witness for my father's discharge from prison."

"The villain!" muttered the woman.

Then aloud—

"But what a weak child you were," she added, contemptuously.

"Don't blame me," said Grace, bitterly. "Could I tell that a man would be so base, and lie to me with a look of truth upon his face?"

"You should have known that girl. Well you will know it now. This will teach you a lesson."

"Yes, a bitter lesson!" cried Grace, angrily. "How am I to know that you are not deceiving me?"

"Judge me by my acts!" said the woman, coldly; "and don't trust me. It would be safer not to have faith in a stranger."

"But you saved me from him!" cried Grace, warmly, "and I do trust you, but I must go home now."

"To fall into his clutches again, and then I may not be at hand to help you."

"But I shall be at my own house, and he would not dare——"

"Not dare!" cried the woman, fiercely. "You foolish girl! You do not know him as I do. He will stop at nothing to get you into his power. He is utterly unscrupulous. What need is there for me to tell you that? Would you have believed had anyone told you that Rice Devick would dare entrap you, and trade upon the knowledge of your unprotected state as he had done?"

Grace shuddered.

"You do not answer. Tell me, would you have believed it?"

"No I would not."

"Go home, then! We can get a cab here, if you like. Go home. Your father is away, and unless you have a staunch lover who will protect you——"

"No, no! I have no one!" cried Grace, hastily, as she turned crimson, and then of a deeper red as she saw a pair of dark eyes watching her intently through the thick veil.

"No one to protect you," was the half-mocking remark; "and yet you would go home! For how long, do you think? How long will it be before he has contrived some devil's plan to get hold of you once again?"

Grace looked wildly up in her companion's face and shuddered.

"What shall I do?" she panted.

"Go—home," was the reply.

"Who are you?" cried Grace. "Tell me, that I may know whether I can trust you. I want to, but you are so strange."

"Better trust one who is so strange than one you know—as you trusted Devick. There, as you will. I saved you from him once; you must guard yourself for the future."

"I will trust you!" cried Grace, laying her hand upon her companion's arm. "You cannot be bad or you would not have helped me. Tell me what to do!"

"Let me take you where you will be safe from him."

"But can you do this?"

"Yes," said the woman hoarsely. "Come with me, and I will."

Grace laid her hand upon her companion's arm.

"You will come, then?"

"Yes."

The woman drew a long, hissing breath, and raised her hand to the driver of a passing cab.

The man drew up to the kerb.

"Don't get down. I can open the door."

The speaker turned the handle and signed to Grace to get in, but the memory of her past adventure made her shrink away.

"Well, are you afraid?" was the sneering question.

"I don't know you," said Grace excitedly. "Let me see your face."

The woman drew aside her veil, and as Grace gazed in the handsome eyes her own softened, and without another word she entered the vehicle.

"Drive to——"

The rest of the order was inaudible to Grace, and the man shook his head.

"Too far for my horse," he said, but a gold coin was held out to him, and his determination wavered and changed.

"All right, ma'am—jump in!"

"Drive fast. I will tell you the house."

The next minute she was beside Grace in the cab, and the horse was going along at the best pace in its power, while Grace eagerly scanned the road on either side, till a gloved hand was laid upon her arm.

"Poor child!" said her companion; "how often young girls long to possess a handsome face, and how often its possession turns out to be a curse! There! you trust me now?"

"Yes," said Grace, firmly; and they sat together, hand clasped in hand, while, with a strange feeling of remorse in her breast, the woman said to herself—

"I must be selfish here: it is my very life. Better for her to die than be his slave."

CHAPTER XVI.

GEDGE BRINGS NEWS.

"I CAN tell you some news at last, guv'nor," said Barny Gedge, meeting Devick one morning some few months later.

"News? Well, what is it?" cried Devick, quickly.

"Good news," said Gedge, with a tipsy leer; "only you must pay me for it, you know."

"You've found out where she is?"

"That's so," said Gedge, laughing. "I thought I should."

"Well, where, man? Quick!"

"How much?"

Devick thrust some coins in his hand, and Gedge held them before him and looked down at them with his red, dim eyes, as he turned them over with a dirty finger.

"Five shillings—five shillings—price of a pretty gal! Tell you what, guv'nor, if I

hadn't got a burning thirst always on me now—a thirst as water won't touch—I wouldn't tell you. Give me another five shillings; this ain't enough!"

"Curse you! go on and tell me!" cried Devick. "There, go on into the park, down there by the railings, and I'll follow you. I can't be seen talking to you here."

"Go back into the park?" said Gedge. "My bedroom guv'nor. I slep' there last night. All right, my great swell. I don't look at to speak to you, do I? Step' in the park last night, and forgot my towel, so I couldn't have a wash in the Turpent'ne—Serpen—serpon—Serp'tine. Hang that word! Sticks. Throat's so dry."

"Go on, I'll follow."

"Must have glass round here first. Burning thirsty."

"No; go on. You're drunk now."

"Now? Well, I always am, ain't I? Shouldn't do your dirty work if I wasn't. You made me begin it. Then I went on with it to drown everything. Your money—anybody's money now for a drop of drink. You'll give me 'nother five shillings?"

"Yes, yes! Go on."

"Drunk? Yes," muttered Gedge; "always shall be drunk—dead drunk—drunk till I'm dead. That's right! Play up, sojers! Bang away, big drummer! Bah! how thirsty I am!"

He staggered on, and was half swept away by the crowd as the Guards came across the park for their morning parade, with the fifes shrieking and drums rattling, and the measured beat-beat of five hundred feet, sounded on the morning air.

The bayonets gleamed in the sunshine, the colors hung in folds from the flagstaffs and the officers marched gaily on in their scarlet and gold.

There was one, a mere stripling, with a very small, smooth, boyish face that was almost lost beneath the large bearskin busby he wore; but his young heart was elate, and his happiness would have been perfect if a boy a little younger had not placed himself on his left, keeping step with him, holding up his head, his chest expanded, and his arms down stiffly by his side.

"He's mocking me," thought the young ensign.

But he was wrong; Jack Dee was only envious, and as the boy marched on the shrieking of the fifes ceased, and was succeeded by a soft tap on the drums to beat the step, and only the heavy tramp was heard as the men marched on.

Then boom—boom—boom—boom! some half dozen heavy bangs upon the big drum and the full band burst out with a grand march which sent the blood dancing through Jack Dee's veins.

He seemed to grow an inch taller—to walk more erect; his eyes glistened, his heart throbbed; and the young ensign grew more disgusted.

All at once Jack seemed to collapse; he crouched down, slipped out of the crowd, and, drawing back, let the troops pass by, while he changed his direction and followed the two men, of whom he had caught sight, down towards the park railings, muttering to himself the words—

"There's somethin' up."

It was rather a hard task, that of keeping a suspicious man in sight without being observed; but he watched Gedge go on towards the railings, with Devick following; and as soon as he saw them stop, threw himself on the grass and pretended to be asleep.

"Now then," said Devick, "be quick! Let's hear."

"'Nother five shillings," said Gedge, holding out his hand. "Not so drunk as that, guv'nor-general. Drink never makes me stupid, you know. Can always do your work."

Devick thrust the money in his hand, with an impatient oath.

"Thanky," said Gedge. "Don't swear at me. Been very useful to you. Won't get one so useful when I'm dead—drunk—drunk dead."

"I've no time to waste."

"Right, guv'nor. Well, you see I'm sober as a judge. I've found the girl."

"Hah!" ejaculated Devick, with his cheeks flushing. "Where?"

"I know," hiccupped Gedge. "Thought you'd be pleased."

"Yes, of course. Where is she?"

"Mean to marry her?" said Gedge, with a curious, half-tipsy leer.

"Yes."

"Swear it?"

"Yes; I swear it."

"Ah, well, I'll tell you, and you will give me some more money when I want it."

"Yes, of course. Tell me where she is."

"Well, it was like this, guv'nor. I tried all I knew, and you tried all you knew, to find her, but it was no good. Clever, Devick no better than drunken Barny Gedge at first. Then drunken Barny Gedge hit it."

"Well, how?"

"How? Never suspected the missus, did you?"

"Yes," said Devick, impatiently; "but she knew nothing of it."

Gedge burst into a soft laugh.

"And took you in, eh? same as she did me. Oh, I've watched her scores o' times, but never found out anything till yes'day, when she went there."

"Went where?"

"There, while you were out."

"Where?—where, man?"

"To see little blossom, where she's got her shut up safe."

Devick caught Gedge by the arm.

"She—my housekeeper—has Miss Robson shut up somewhere?"

"Your missus has got her shut up very safe."

"Where?"

"Ah! I ought to have another five shillings for this; but I'll leave it to your honor. Yes; got her safe—down at Ridgeworth."

"How do you know?"

"Followed her yesterday, and she went down there. Big house and wall round. 'Doctor Marlow' on the brass plate. 'Dove House' each side o' the gates."

"Bah! her brother's."

"Brother's, eh?"

"Yes, in practice there, I suppose, as a doctor."

"What sort o' doctor?"

"How should I know?"

"Lor, Devick! I thought you was a clever chap. Mad doctor—keeps patients—ladies and gentlemen."

"What?" cried Devick, excitedly, as if a revelation were coming to him.

"Lunatics; and she's got little Robson shut up there."

"Never!"

"True, guv'nor—true."

"How do you know?"

"Followed her down, found what the place was, and looked over the wall and see her."

"Grace Robson?"

Gedge nodded.

"The jade—the cunning jade!" cried Devick, rubbing his hands.

"Never thought of that, did you, guv'nor?"

"No; I confess it. But there, give me the address."

Gedge repeated it, and Devick set it down in his pocket-book.

"Ha, ha! Then now we can act!" cried Devick. "Are you ready for a good job, now?"

"Right, guv'nor! What's it to be?"

"Get her away from there."

"How?"

"How, man?"

"Yes, how? Shall I go and tell her father and mother, and let them fetch her out?"

"Are you mad? No. You and Rixon must go down and get her out. Scale the walls—break open—do anything—but get her away."

"Break open anything? Break the laws, guv'nor?"

"They have broken the law in shutting the poor girl up there, so fight them with their own weapons."

"Right, guv'nor, only tell us what to do."

"I'll give you full instructions for that. You shall get her out; I'll have a carriage and pair waiting a little way off. Is the place solitary?"

"Quite; in a big lane"

"That will do. Come to me to-morrow morning and I'll have my plans ready."

"Right!"

"Find Rixon to-day. "You will want him."

"Is it to be a fight, then?"

"Fight? It's to be anything!" cried Devick, excitedly. "The scoundrel the smooth-looking scoundrel!" he muttered. "There! you understand? I trust you, Gedge. No nonsense!"

"Don't preach," growled Gedge. "Don't I always do what you want?"

"Yes; but this is more particular than anything you ever did before. You understand?"

"Ay! of course."

"Don't take too much to-day, or you won't be fit for your work."

"Tchah! I sha'n't take too much, guv'nor. Drop 'll make me all the fitter."

"Then mind! to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Do this for me well and I'll pay you both handsomely. Mind, at ten o'clock to-morrow."

"Mind? Of course I'll mind," growled Gedge, as he watched the well-dressed man walk slowly away, evidently under the influence of a strong emotion. "Ain't I obliged to do all you tell me, you villain? Curse you! but I must. You won't marry the poor little lass, and I ought to go straight to old Robson and tell him. But no, can't do it. Did warn him once. Honor among thieves. I won't tell, but, poor little lass! I might kill her by accident as we get her away, and that would be better for her than what's to come."

CHAPTER XVII.

SHARP AS A NEEDLE.

"NO," said Gedge, as he sat down on one of the seats, "I can't tell. Honor among thieves, as I said afore. Hah! what a blackguard I am, what a drunken blackguard! Can't tell; and, besides, if I did he'd find me out, and get her away some other time. Pity she ain't dead. Be a mercy to kill her."

He tried hard to moisten his parched lips.

"Bah! How dry I am! Wonder what became o' Ned Marshall!"

He sat with his chin upon his hands, thinking very deeply, and then he shuddered.

"Shouldn't wonder! He wouldn't stop at anything if a man was to threaten to split and poor Ned told me the last time I see him that he meant to have it out with the guv'nor. Well, it ain't my business. I'm under his thumb, and I've to do what he tells me, and to spend the money afterwards and—hallo!"

This was in response to a hearty slap on the shoulder given from behind.

"What, my young cock-o'-the-walk!" he cried, smiling, and his dull eyes lighting up. "What, dandy Jack! My eyes, what a fine fellow we're growing! How are you, lad? How does the world go?"

"Oh, I'm all right, Barny. How are you? Why, you ain't drunk!"

"Don't you tell lies, young 'un. I'm as drunk as a man can be as is hard as me. Why, I say, I thought you'd have been a sejer long afore this. How is it you ain't gone?"

"Oh, I dunno. Master can't spare me, and I haven't found out where Miss Grace is yet."

"Haven't you, though! I do wonder at that; you're such a sharp 'un."

"I say, Barny, you know well where she is."

"Where who is?"

"Miss Grace. Why don't you tell a fellow like a man."

"But you ain't like a man," said Gedge, with a drunken chuckle.

"I've been man enough to pay for a drop for you often enough, Barny, when I'd got it."

"So you have, my lad, so you have, and that's what lots wouldn't do for me."

"And yet when I've asked you over and over again where old Devick took Miss Grace you wouldn't tell me."

"How could I tell you when I didn't know!" growled Gedge.

"But you know now."

"Know now!" chuckled Gedge. "What makes you think that?"

"Seeing you and old Devick as thick as two thieves together."

"Thieves! Now I do call that unkind, Jack. Thieves, indeed!"

"Well, you stole away Miss Grace, and you couldn't have done anything worse. I say, Barny, do tell a fellow. Let it out by accident like, there's a good chap."

"Get out, you coaxing young gammoner! I've got nothing to let out."

"Yes, you have. Come, I'll stand anything you like if you'll tell me."

"Will you?"

"Yes; anything."

"Bottle o' champagne, then."

"Champagne? Very well. Let's see," said the boy, counting out his money by pouring it out of his purse; "four—four-and-six—four-and-sevenpence ha'penny. Will that buy it, Barny?"

"Reckon it will. Hand it over."

The boy placed the money in Gedge's dirty hand without a moment's hesitation, and the claw-like fingers closed over it, but only to thrust the money back.

"No, no, Jack o' Trumps," he said, huskily; "no, no, boy. Keep your tin. I ain't such a bad 'un as that. When I'm choking and you've give me a drink, I've been glad of it, and will be again, but I won't rob you. Besides, I've got ten shillings in my pocket now."

"Ah! but, Barny, you said you'd tell me. I'd give you ten times as much as that as fast as I get it if you told me."

"Couldn't do it, lad; couldn't do it. Mates never betray each other. Wouldn't do."

"Ah! but, Barny, you do know where she is. Tell me, there's a good fellow—do!"

"I can't; I won't. I'm choking for want of a drop."

"Ha! Barny, I knew you liked a drop, but I didn't think you was such a bad 'un as that."

"Bad 'un, boy? But I am. I should be a worse one than that if I split on other folks. There, what is it you want to know?" he cried, very peevishly, as the boy clung to him.

"You know—where Miss Grace is."

"Jack, my lad," said Gedge, huskily, "I never had no boy o' my own. If I had I should ha' liked him to be' been your sort. But you mustn't ask me what I'd tell you, if I durst."

"Then tell me just a little, Barny—just enough to make me find out for myself."

"Eh?"

"Just ever so little. Come, tell me where to look."

"No," said Gedge, shaking his head, "but if I was such a boy as you, hang me if I wouldn't go down to Ridgeworth and look over the big wall, there in the long lane, and see what I could see."

"Barny!"

"You cut off 'fore I do something to you; and mind this, I haven't split. I haven't told nothing. You mind that."

But Jack was a dozen yards away, and by the time Gedge had raised himself upon his stiffening limbs the boy had doubled the distance, going towards the road.

"Why, he's going there straight," muttered Gedge. "He's as sharp as a needle, that boy is, and what he touches he goes through."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LITTLE-CULTIVATED FIELD.—There is a large field that lies as yet scarcely cultivated in the region of moral training and philanthropic reforms—it is the whole subject of the results of human actions upon character and happiness, and the laws which govern them. It is true they are sometimes pointed out in a desultory and fragmentary way, but they need a far more comprehensive and scientific treatment, in order to fortify the young against the various temptations that assail them. Take the physical laws which underlie health, for example. How many young persons beginning life's active work have any vital convictions concerning the duties these laws involve? If they have acquired in early life regular habits of wholesome living, which is, alas, too rare, they are so far fortunate; but even then, if they know the foundations on which they rest, they are exposed to every antagonistic influence. Yet, were they fortified with a thorough knowledge of the future in store for them, the shortened and embittered life, the supposed gain which had seemed so tempting would be cast aside as worthless. M. S.

Bric-a-Brac.

HUNTING THE WREN.—St. Stephen's Day (26th of December) was formerly generally devoted to wren-hunting, though the wren is called "the king of all birds;" but when the proto-martyr was hiding from his enemies in a clump of furze, it acted the traitor by flying out in the faces of his pursuers, thereby revealing his place of refuge. In parts of England, Ireland and Wales this custom is still kept up.

CLEAN HANDS.—No one's hands are quite clean ever, it appears. In the Italian *Medical Gazette*, Dr. Forster says that after the most diligent washings and brushings with soap and water and rinsings with carbolic acid and other disinfectants, the hands remained so impure that upon touching the fingers to a gelatine plate, micro-organisms were rapidly developed. The doctor found indeed, that on rinsing the hands with a solution of one to 100 of corrosive sublimate they became "scientifically cleansed" for the time, but that in wiping them upon a towel not previously disinfected they returned to their sad condition of uncleanliness.

COTTON.—Cotton is a downy substance produced on the seeds of the cotton plant which is herbaceous, and of a height varying from four to twenty feet, according to the species; it has downy lobed leaves, and flowers similar in form to those of the common mallow, to which it is related; in some species the flower is yellow, and in others of a dull purple color. The seed-vessel is a capsule, which opens into from three to five lobes, and shows the seeds, which are quite covered with cotton; in some cases this is of a bright buff color, and sometimes it is white. Plants are often covered with hairs in different parts, some having downy stalks, and some downy leaves like the mullein; but it is remarkable that hairs on the seeds are not at all common.

PETER THE GREAT.—"A tablet marks the house in which Peter the Great dwelt here in 1711 and 1712," writes a Carlsbad correspondent. "The Czar came to drink the waters. A record is preserved showing that he took as many as twenty-three glasses at a time. After arriving he was ordered by his physician to begin by taking three glasses. Owing to a misunderstanding, he thought that three pitchers were meant. He had swallowed the contents of one pitcher and was trying to finish a second when the physician entered the room and was told by the Czar—'I think I shall empty the second pitcher, but I cannot possibly manage to get down the contents of the third.' The mistake was explained, and a board was provided on which the number of glasses to be taken was noted."

FOND OF IT.—The late Emory Storrs used to tell of an incident which, he said, occurred in front of a hotel in Chicago. An English lord stood picking his teeth in an inconspicuous place beside a stone pillar. A man approached him stealthily and delivered a prodigious stage kick, which, while it did not hurt the lord, filled him with more astonishment than he had ever felt before. Then the assailant rushed forward to the lord, and, with profound apologies and expressions of contrition and inquiries as to my lord's condition of body and mind, explained that a mistake had been made. The valiant joker had supposed he was stealing unawares upon his dearest friend. "Ah! yes," said the Englishman, quietly. "But tell me—is your friend fond of that sort of thing?"

TO HIS MEMORY.—"A deacon in a Western town recently died," says a New York paper. "His pastor soon paid a visit of condolence to the bereaved widow. She asked the minister if he would like to see the funeral wreath. He assented. She led him to the much-prized memento and pointed out its peculiarities. In a broken voice she said: 'The red flowers were made of his red flannels; the white ones of his white flannels. The stamens were made of the coffin shavings and the pistils of his beard. The berries and buds were made of the pills that were left when he died, and the feathery part was made of the feathers of the last chicken dear James killed before he was taken ill.' All this she said without a pause for breath, and ended her ghastly description of the treasured wreath by imploring the bewildered clergyman to lead in prayer.

A GERMAN JOKE.—A characteristic German student's joke was perpetrated at Vienna the other night. A number of students bought a plank and made the carpenter give them a certificate that they had duly bought it and paid for it. Then they hastened down a small street at mid-night, in a very quiet, mysterious manner. As soon as a policeman saw them his suspicions were aroused, and he asked them what they were going to do with the plank, but received no satisfactory answer. He now declared them arrested, and marched them off to the nearest police station. There they quietly showed their carpenters' certificate, so that the official was obliged to let them depart. They immediately marched through another side street, and were again arrested by another policeman, and brought before the same Court, where the officer was rather indignant to be roused from his nap a second time. But when the students had fooled a third policeman he devised a plan to arrest their manœuvres. He bade the police man follow them until they had deposited the plank somewhere. When they saw themselves thus foiled, they asked the policeman where his house was. He told them, whereupon they carried the plank there, deposited it before his door, and bade him make kindling wood of it next day.

INTO THE HAVEN.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

Loud roars the wind, lashing the writhing ocean,
The dark clouds driving o'er the angry sky;
But on the rock-bound shore a starry beacon
Flashes aloft the vessel frail calls nigh.
The masts are broken, rope and sail are lying
Useless upon the torn and shattered deck;
Worn with long strife, spent with disastrous voyage,
Into the haven drifts the storm-tossed wreck.

On the still water dies the golden sunlight,
The stars are high upon the brow of night,
The cloudless day sinks into cloudless even,
And earth and sea are bathed in heav'n's own light.
With loose white sails that catch the languid zephyrs,
Floats a fair vessel on the quiet tide,
That flashes round her keel in shining ripples,
Into the land-locked haven calm and wide.

For one the wasting struggle, stormy battle,
The clouds returning after blinding rain,
Not e'en a star upon the midnight heaven—
Alas, such heavy loss, so little gain!
For one clear skies and gay propitious breezes;
Yet, sped by zephyrs or the storm's rough blast,
What matters it, the long life-voyage over,
Both to the same sweet haven come at last?

A PERILOUS GAME;

—OR,—

Her Mad Revenge.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"WHY are you here?" she demanded. "You promised to——"

"Keep away from England," he said, and his voice sounded dull and hollow. "Is this England? I have not sought you, you have followed me. It is the hand of Fate! If I had not seen you to-night I should have been a hundred miles away. It is Fate! We played with it for some time, trod it under foot, and laughed at it; it is Fate's turn now to laugh at us, to tread us under its avenging feet. Lady Blanche, the whirligig of time brings its own revenges; it has brought vengeance upon us——"

"What do you mean?" she said, trying to look him down, to awe him with the cold hauteur which was her second nature; but the dark eyes did not flinch, the hard, hollow voice did not falter. Like some prophet of old he stood before her, unyielding implacable. "Why did you follow me here to the hotel? Do you want money? If so you shall have it: I will send it to you. Every moment you remain here is one of peril. Lord Norman is with me. He will return immediately, and if he finds you——"

He did not seem to be listening.

"Money!" he said, as if that word alone had caught his ear; "I have sold my soul for money. Judas brought back his blood-stained gold; I bring you back yours, Lady Blanche."

He thrust his hand into his breast as he quickly spoke, and drew a leathern case out.

"It is here, all of it! Take it! It has been a curse to me. Look at me, Lady Blanche, and see that I will speak the truth!"

She looked at his haggard face, with its deep lines telling of dissipation and remorse; at the white hair which, when she had last seen him, was black as Lord Norman's; at the cavernous eyes gleaming with a feverish intensity of purpose.

"—Since I left you in England, carrying the price of my treachery with me, I have been living the life of a gambler. I have been like one drifting towards the whirlpool of destruction, conscienceless—without remorse; but a hand was stretched out to save me! To-day, Lady Blanche, for the first time, I have seen the cruelty and vileness of our work in its true colors. It is as if a veil had been torn from before my eyes and the true meaning of what we conspired to do, and did, was revealed to me. Lady Blanche, you asked me when last we met if I had no remorse. I laughed the question away. It is my turn to ask you if you feel none?"

She made a gesture in the negative.

"It has fallen upon me, it will fall upon you. Thank Heaven, while you have time that it is not too late to repair your evil work!"

"What do you mean?" she asked, in a voice of suppressed anger and doubt.

"Thank Heaven that you are not married to Bruce Norman! The task would have been a thousand times harder for you if you had been: it is plenty hard enough now!"

"What is hard? Why do you talk and look so strangely?" she demanded, trying to speak haughtily, but trembling.

"This night, Lady Blanche, Lord Norman must be told all that you and I have done."

"What," she gasped.

"This night he must be shown how cruel an injustice has been wrought an innocent girl; he must be told that it was you who were false, and not Floris Carlisle!"

She looked at him for a moment with a very wild, incredulous stare, then laughed a suppressed laugh of much scorn and defiance.

"I see! You want more money."

He dropped the leathern case at her feet with a dull, grim apathy.

She started.

"If it is not money, what is it you want?" he said. "You will not deceive me with this rant! You forget that I am acquainted with your love of the melodramatic. This is, I suppose, a piece of play-acting for my especial behoof and amusement, or——" she turned pale, and her eyes flashed—"you have met with Floris Carlisle and betrayed me! Is that it? She has bought you over—perhaps promised you half of Lord Norman's wealth. Is that it? You have met her?"

He eyed her listlessly, wearily, with the same set look of resolution.

"Yes, I have met her," he said; and for the first time a faint touch of color came into his face. "I have seen her, and I love her!"

"You love her!" she echoed.

"I love her. Do not misunderstand me, Lady Blanche. I love her without hope; I am content to love her so that I can make her reparation. It is all I have to live for, and I will do it."

There was silence for a moment.

"What do you wish to do?" she asked almost inaudibly.

"There are two courses," he said in the slow grave voice. "Either you must make your confession to Lord Norman, or leave it to me. I care not which it is."

"He will kill you!" she panted.

He shrugged his shoulders with absolute indifference.

"Perhaps. I thought that you would prefer that he should hear the story from your lips. You know best which will be the less bitter course for you."

She looked at him with murder gleaming in her velvety eyes.

If she had had a weapon, she would have struck him down then and there without pity or fear.

"Give me time!" she pleaded, her voice coming thickly, her hand restlessly fumbling at her white throat as if she were choking. "Give me till to-morrow!"

"He must know to-night," he said coldly determinedly. "The injured has suffered long enough; to-night she must and shall be righted. Tell him yourself if you choose or leave it to me; but to-night he shall know all!"

She flung herself with a sudden wild abandon at his feet.

"For Heaven's sake have mercy on me!" she implored, catching at his arm. "You do not know what all this means to me; you do not; you do not! You say you love—you know what it means! Think then: I love Lord Norman! I love him with all my heart and soul! Oh, have I not risked my soul to gain him! Have pity on me, have mercy! I will give you anything you may ask—this money, take it, take twice, treble as much, leave me penniless, but do not force me to do this! Do not force me to make this shameful confession."

She wrung her hands, and her face, deadly white in the moonlight, worked like that of a woman in her death agony.

"—I cannot—do you hear? I cannot go to him with the story of that awful day—go to him and tell him that I joined you—you!—in a conspiracy against him and her whom he loved! I cannot do it!"

"You must!" he said, inflexibly. "You must tell him all, the whole truth, or I must do so. He must know why Floris Carlisle fled from Ballyfloe, and that it was me she saw at your feet and not Lord Norman, whom I personated. He must know this, and to-night."

"Pity me!" she pleaded, brokenly. "Have you no heart, no pity?"

"All I have is for her, for the innocent girl whose happiness we plotted against and destroyed, whose place you fill. No, I haven't any pity for you."

"And I must do this to-night?" she panted.

"And here," he said suspiciously; "while I am within hearing. I cannot trust you, Lady Blanche."

"I—I cannot do it!" she wailed. "I cannot do it!"

"There is no need!" said a voice at her side, and staring, she turned and saw Lord Norman standing in the open window.

Lady Blanche glanced at his face, saw that he had heard all, and flinging her hands before her eyes, crouched down as if he had struck her; but Oscar Raymond stood firm and folded his hands across his breast.

Lord Norman looked from one to the other.

His face was very pale and stern, but there was a light in his eyes, a reflection of relief and hope, which had been strangers to them for a long time.

Slowly he raised his hand and pointed to the staircase.

"You may go!" he said quietly.

Oscar Raymond lifted his dark eyes calmly, almost solemnly.

"Is that all? I am ready to give you any satisfaction you may demand. We are in a foreign land, my lord——"

"You have given me all the satisfaction it is possible for you to render," said Bruce, in a low, steady voice. "I have no wish to kill you; I yield you your life and—remorse. Go!"

Oscar Raymond bent his head and moved away, then he stopped and glanced at the beautiful figure that crouched on the ground.

"You will not be too hard with her? It was I who tempted her, I who made the plot."

For answer Lord Norman raised his hand and pointed to the stairs again, and without another word Oscar Raymond disappeared.

Lord Norman waited until his footsteps had died away, then he picked up the leathern case and dropped it at Lady Blanche's feet.

"Blanche," he said, in so low a tone of voice that she could scarcely hear him; "I have seen Floris; I have learnt all that this man would have forced you to tell me. There is no need that you should speak a word. Get up now and go to your room, I shall go away from this place, this hotel, at once, and will leave a letter for your father telling him that the—the engagement is broken off by—mutual consent. There need be nothing more said on either side. Heaven forgive you, Blanche, for this that you have done—forgive you as I—and she—forgive you!"

He laid his hand on her head for a moment, pityingly, forgivingly, and when a moment afterwards she raised her heavy eyes, he was gone!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FLORIS rose the next morning, after a sleepless night, during which she had lain awake possessed in one moment with a poignant grief and the next with a subdued joy.

She had lost him, he had gone from her for ever, and he would marry Lady Blanche.

That was her grief; but he loved her still he had not been false to her; that was her joy; and her joy in the knowledge of his truth and constancy far outweighed her grief at the loss of him.

And he was here in Florence.

She knew him well enough to know that he would not relinquish her without another attempt; she felt very certain that she must place temptation beyond her reach.

She would leave Florence that morning, would put it out of his power to break his word to Lady Blanche.

Pale and sad, and yet with a trace of the great joy shining in her lovely eyes, she went to Mrs. Sinclair's room.

The old lady was in bed—she sat up too late over her precious books to be an early riser—and was made to understand that Floris wanted a holiday, and at once.

"Where are you going, my dear?" she said.

Floris was staggered for a moment.

"Into the hills. I shall only want a day or two," she explained.

He would not remain in Florence long, she thought.

"Oh, very well, my dear. You had better take one of the girls with you. And, by-the-way, you might gather some of the crested fern for me, you know; keep it as cool as you can, will you? And if you should happen to see any specimens of"—here followed a dozen long Latin names—"you might bring them also."

Floris promised that she would, and went upstairs and packed a bag with the few things she required; then she made a faint pretence at breakfast, and in an hour had started with a little maid who was a favorite of hers.

They took a carriage, and told the man to drive them to Pelago, a little village at some distance in the hills.

Here Floris decided to remain for a week, a week in which she would give herself up to the past, and dwell upon it for the last time; then, when she had taught herself to think of Bruce as another woman's husband, she would come back and resume the quiet, uneventful life which had been so abruptly broken in upon.

She thought once or twice of Oscar Raymond and his proposal.

She had done well to him all, and he had chosen wisely in leaving her. Ah, well! she was all alone again, and must learn to accept her fate.

One thing, she vowed, there should be no idle riepining and looking back!

The day was a beautiful one, and as they climbed the road, her little maid Marie prattling pleasantly, Floris looked about her with a strange feeling of calm resignation.

In truth, her heart was singing the burden of the song which has consoled many a woman in her plight; "I have lost him; but he loved me always, and will love me still."

An hour after she had started there came a knock at the vine-hung door of the Violet Villa, and a gentleman presented himself and asked for Miss Carlisle.

The servant told him there was no such lady living there.

There was the Signora Sinclair, and the Signorina Wood. He asked to see Miss Wood.

Miss Wood, the servant told him, had left the villa.

Lord Norman turned pale and bit his lip. When and where had she gone?

The maid did not know. Would he see the signora?

Lord Norman assented, and was shown into the library, and the old lady looked up from her table of dried flowers to the tall stalwart figure, and handsome, anxious face.

Lord Norman lost no time.

"Madame, I am an old friend of Miss Carlisle's——"

"Miss Wood, you mean," she said absently.

"If she is one and the same personage, I wish to see her on very important business. Your servant tells me that she has—gone!"

"Yes. May I ask your name?" inquired the old lady.

"My name is Norman," he said—"Lord Norman. I am an old friend of hers, madame. I am her lover, from whom she has been separated for some time; I must see her at once!"

The old lady looked curiously at him.

"Oh, I see!" she said; "that is the little romance, then! Well, sir—" she peered at the card—"I beg your pardon, my lord—Miss Carlisle has gone. I don't know whether I ought to tell you. She left suddenly this morning——"

"For where? For Heaven's sake do not hesitate!" he said quickly. "I must see her; something has happened which makes it necessary for me to speak with her, and at once!"

"She has gone to Pelago—you know it? She started only a little while ago. If you get a horse——"

He did not wait for more, but with a hurried expression of gratitude for her trust in him, got himself out of the house and hurried to one of the hotels.

In a quarter of an hour he was riding out of Florence on the Pelago road, as if for dear life.

As he crossed the principal thoroughfare, he saw a carriage piled high with luggage going slowly in the direction of the railway station.

He looked at it, and just caught a glimpse of Lady Blanche.

She was closely veiled, and was leaning back in a listless, weary attitude, her hands folded in her lap.

She might not have seen him—he could not tell, for she made no sign. He looked at her for only a moment, as his horse carried him out of sight.

The morning passed in a dreamy kind of way for Floris.

Slowly the carriage ascended the hills, the driver singing below his voice, the maid delighted with her holiday, chatting light-heartedly.

The sun shone down with all the friendly warmth of a May morning, and the birds sang blithely in the trees, all a-glitter with the dew.

Presently the maid stopped her prattle, and put her head on one side.

"There is someone on the road besides ourselves this morning, signorita. Perhaps they too are taking a holiday."

"Perhaps, Marie," said Floris, quite dreamily.

The girl leant forward and looked back.

"It is a horseman, signorita, and he is riding fast. The poor horse is panting! It is not a holiday for him, poor wretched beast!"

Floris nodded; she scarcely heard what the child was saying, but suddenly the coachman pulled up, and the next instant the horseman was beside the carriage, and Floris heard her name spoken.

She looked up and met her lover's eyes fixed on her, and her heart gave a great bound.

"Bruce!" she whispered, joyfully yet reproachfully. "Oh, Bruce, why have you done this?"

He leant forward and laid his hand on the carriage door.

"I cannot speak to you there! Will you come out? I must speak to you! Ah, why did you run away from me?"

"Because I knew—I felt—I was afraid you would come to see me, and——" she said faintly, in a troubled voice. "Oh, go back, Bruce!"

"I will—shortly," he said, in a strange voice, with a strange light in her eyes. "Come into the road for a moment or two."

He got down and opened the door, and held her hand even after she had alighted, forgetting his horse.

"Signor, the horse!" shrieked the coachman; but it was too late, the sagacious animal, having had quite enough work for that day, had swung round and was off in a good round trot for Florence.

"Never mind," said Lord Bruce, with a short laugh; "it does not matter. Nothing matters now, Floris! Hush! not a word yet."

He drew her arm within his, and led her under the trees, out of sight of the curious wide open eyes of the man and maid.

"And so you were running away from me, were you?" he said, holding her hands and looking into her eyes with the fire of excitement and happiness in his. "Running away from me—was that fair? Oh, my darling, how can I tell you?—the words tremble on my lips! My heart is so full of joy and happiness——"

"Bruce!"

"—Yes, so full that I can scarcely wait for the words that must be spoken. Floris! since I saw you last night all has been made clear. "Look!"

He drew a card from his pocket and was about to show it to her, when he whipped it behind his back.

"Wait! Floris, you are sure it was I you saw that afternoon at Ballyfloe?"

Her head drooped.

"Oh, Bruce—why ask me? Why not let it be buried?"

"You are sure you would know my face again?" with a strange laugh. "See—is it that the face of the man you saw at Lady Blanche's feet?"

And he held out the card.

She took it very slowly and looked at it.

It was a portrait of Oscar Raymond, which he had found amongst the papers packed in one of his portmanteaus.

A bewildered expression came into her eyes.

"Yes,—it is! But, but—" she raised her eyes to his face, "is it not you, Bruce?"

"No," he said, gravely; "it is not. Look at the back, you will find the name written there, Floris. It is the portrait of a man who for purposes of his own passed himself off on you for me. Look at the name, please."

She turned the card.

"Oscar Raymond to Lord Norman" was written on it.

For a moment her brain swam, and he put his arm round her and held her close to him or she would have staggered.

"You see, darling," he cried, "it is all clear now, is it not?"

And in swift, hurried words he told her the whole story.

"All this I heard last night from their own lips. One thing only is a mystery to me still, and that is the cause of his repentance—that is still an enigma, Floris."

"Shall I tell you, Bruce?" she whispered; then with her hand upon his shoulder, she made the last portion of the mystery clear.

"My darling!" he murmured. "And it is you, you who have really saved us both, after all! If he had not seen you, we should still be—— Oh, I cannot think of it! Oh, my darling, my Floris once again and forever. Let us thank Heaven humbly and meekly for its mercy! A few days more and all would have been lost; there would have been a gulf between us which Death only could have bridged—and now, Death only can divide us!" and with a cry of almost solemn joy, he strained her to his bosom.

With his arm round her waist they walked through the woods, her head resting on his shoulder, her eyes suffused with the tears which sprang from a joy almost too intense for endurance.

It had come so suddenly, this flood of light after darkness, that she felt bewildered and dazzled. Could it be true?

In low endearing tones he told her over and over again all that had happened, dwelling on his misery and helpless despair, and making all the points that had seemed so dark, clear and intelligible; and every now and again he stopped and looked at her face, eye, and kissed it, as if he too felt there was something too marvellous in his good fortune for it to be quite real.

They forgot the coachman and little Marie but those two individuals resigned themselves to the circumstances with admirable philosophy; the coachman drew his horse into the shade, and, lighting a cigar, flung himself, Italian-like, into the sun, and went to sleep, and Marie gathered some flowers and made a posie "for the signorita when she should come back."

And at last Floris remembered where she was.

"Bruce, dear, we must go on," she said, with a blush, and a glance at her watch. "I had—had quite forgotten everything! Have we been hours in this dear little wood, or only minutes? We must go on to Pelago."

"Why Pelago?" he said, smoothing her hair. "Why not come back to Florence with me? You don't want a holiday now, seeing that you will have such a big one altogether directly! Besides, unless you take me back to Florence how am I to get there? My horse bolted, you know!"

"I had forgotten that," she said, with another blush, and only too ready to accept the offered excuse. "Of course I must take you back!"

They went back to the carriage very sedately, but Marie, though young, was knowing.

"Oh, signorina," she whispered, as Floris full of tenderness to all and everything in her new-born happiness, stooped and kissed her. "Is that signor your lover? Yes! Ah, but he is handsome and noble, is he not?"

It was a magic journey, that return to Florence, and though the two said but little their hands locked together, and their eyes which met each other's ever and again, spoke volumes.

Mrs. Sinclair expressed no astonishment whatever at their return.

"I thought you would come back," she said drily; "and now I suppose I may finish my great book myself, Miss Wood, I mean Miss Carlisle!"

"Oh, no!" said Floris, flushing; "I shall stay with you, madame!"

But Mrs. Sinclair caught Lord Norman's eye, and met his smile with a significant one of her own.

That evening he sent a telegram to Lady Betty.

It was very short, but it was emphatic enough, for in three days Lady Betty was at the Violet Villa.

Floris's astonishment at her appearance was only equalled by her delight.

"Now I don't want to know anything more than Bruce has told me, my dear," she said, after she had had a good cry and nearly exhausted herself by lavishing caresses on Floris. "In fact he has forbidden me, at the risk of his sore displeasure, to talk about the past; but I've only one question to ask, and that is, 'Can you start for England to-morrow?'"

"To-morrow!" said Floris, aghast.

"Yes, my dear; that is Bruce's wish."

"But you, dear Lady Betty?"

"Oh, I am of no consequence," said her ladyship, with a laugh. "Besides, really and truly, I am dying of anxiety to get you home, to have you to myself for a few days—I shan't have you long, I know, for Bruce is most intemperately anxious to appropriate you altogether. But do let us start to-morrow, if you can; I am sure no one will be gladder to see you than Sir Edward. My dear, if I wasn't one of the most sensible women in England, I should have been most dreadfully jealous of you! Sir Edward thinks there is no one in the world so clever and bright and good-looking as 'Miss Carlisle,' and he has talked of you and regretted your absence every day. So let us go back to-morrow."

They started in the morning. Everything that wealth and influence could effect was done to surround the journey with luxury and ease.

If Floris Carlisle had been a princess of the blood royal, as Lady Betty said, there could not have been more fuss; and yet there was so little real fuss.

In his quiet way, Lord Norman secured sleeping-cars, engaged the best rooms, had carriages in waiting, and arranged everything almost as if by magic.

And so it happened that Floris, who a few months back had left England alone and friendless, returned to it like a Queen of Sheba!

Their welcome in Grosvenor Place was characteristic of Sir Edward.

"How do you do, Miss Carlisle?" he said holding her hand and looking at her in his grave way, but with a kindly light in his keen, absorbed eyes. "I am very glad to see you back, and I have missed you very much indeed. Bruce is a lucky fellow to have recovered you, a very lucky fellow indeed," and he took and wrung Lord Norman's hand.

After dinner Sir Edward sat over his wine with Lord Norman for a little while, then he rose.

"Going to the House, I suppose?" said Lord Norman.

"N—o, not to-night, I think," answered Sir Edward.

"Not to-night! Why, I thought you had to speak!"

"Y—es, so I had; but I don't think I will go to-night—that is, if I shan't be in the way. I don't know what the papers will say; no doubt they'll imagine I've had a domestic bereavement."

It was a great compliment to Floris, and one she was fond of talking about in after life, when Sir Edward had become the "great statesman of the day."

They spent a quiet, delightful evening, and when the two ladies had gone to their rooms. Lady Betty held her at arm's length.

"Ah, my dear, how happy you look!" she said, her eyes full of sympathy very near to tears.

"Do I? I am glad of that!" whispered Floris, "for I am very, very happy, dear. Happier, perhaps, for all that has passed. You see, one wants to know what misery is to be able to appreciate, at its full value, such happiness as mine!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE season was in full swing when these two lovers,—so long separated, so strangely united,—returned to London, and their advent made a pretty considerable stir!

The world at large knew nothing of what had happened, but rumor, with its usual readiness, invented a hundred and one stories, of all of which Floris was the heroine.

Consequently there was the greatest anxiety to see her, and Lady Betty was besieged with invitations, all pressing in the extreme.

"I think we had better go to the duchess's ball, and get it over my dear," said Lady Betty. "Of course, you'll be mobbed and stared at, people are simply dying of curiosity to know the true story of your adventures; but you won't mind."

"No, I shan't mind," said Floris, with her old naivete; "not in the least, seeing that I don't mean to tell anyone."

"Very well," said Lady Betty; "then we'll go to-morrow night and gratify the world with a sight of the future Countess of Norman whose adventures——" "More or less fabulous," put in Floris,"—have filled the society papers."

It was a grand ball, and more crowded than it would have been if the duchess had not carefully circulated the news that Miss Carlisle and Lord Norman were actually coming.

For the first few minutes Floris was a little shy under the battery which was directed at her by so many curious eyes, but she grasped her lover's arm, just to reassure herself of his presence, and glanced up at his handsome face with its old patrician impassiveness, and courage came back to her.

Before they had been in the room an hour the Lynches came in, and Floris needed no courage to meet these true friends.

Sir Joseph and his good-natured wife were overwhelmed with pleasure at seeing her, and scarcely left her side the whole evening.

A little after midnight Lord Norman went to the refreshment room to get a drink, and had got his glass of champagne, when he saw a gentleman entering at a door opposite him.

He set the glass down and strode across the room with a glad "Bertie!" on his lips.

Bertie Cliffords, for it was he, started and turned round, and extended his hand, then, before Lord Norman could seize it, drew it back, and with a cold bow was about to pass on.

Lord Norman flushed, turned pale, and stood for a moment irresolute; then he followed him and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Bertie!" he said.

"Well?" said Bertie, and his face paled sternly under its bronze. "I have no desire to hold any conversation with you, Lord Norman."

Lord Norman bit his lip.

"What does this mean, Bertie?" he said gravely. "Ah, I see!"

Bertie flushed.

"My memory appears to be a better one than yours, Lord Norman," he said; "at any rate, it is too good for me to forget that a man who has acted as you have done to an innocent and trusting lady, has lost the right to accost me or any honest man."

"Stop—for Heaven's sake! Come with me," said Lord Norman, quickly, and seizing his arm, he drew him into a retired spot. "Bertie, have you not heard,—have you seen none of the papers?"

"I have just returned to England," said Bertie, "and have seen no papers, nor heard any scandal whatsoever; that which I refer to—your conduct—happened before I left, Lord Norman. But I am glad I have met you thus soon, as it affords me an opportunity of demanding satisfaction on behalf of a lady whose name had not be mentioned, but who honors me with her friendship."

"Satisfaction—yes!" said Lord Norman, gravely and quietly. "No, there is no need to mention her name."

He paused a moment, then went on, his voice quivering a little.

"Bertie,—you see, I still dare to call you so,—Bertie, if anything could strengthen the friendship and respect I have for you, these words you have spoken, this greeting you have extended to me would do it! Yes, Bertie, I know what you mean—the lady you think I have wronged, to whom—Heaven forgive me!—I did all unintentionally, is my—is Floris Carlisle—my future wife!"

Bertie stepped back, mute with astonishment.

"Hush, don't say a word," said Lord Norman, much agitated. "Wait until I have told you the whole story, Bertie."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Banshee.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"How oft hath the banshee cried?"—Moore.

HOULD your tongues, I say!

What do the like o'ye know about "good people," or banshee, thought ye went to college to seek for knowledge, as the song says?

It ill becomes ye to langh at an ould woman who is clean' her hundhred, an' it's very disgustin' to see gentools like ye throwin a disparidgemint on the fairies.

Ye want to hear about the banshee?

Well, I'm the woman that can tell ye all about her, an' I'll pledge my veracity for what I relate.

There wasn't a finer or braver boy in this parish, eighty years agone, than Dan O'Connor.

He was as straight as a poplar an' as stout as an oak.

His heart was as light as a feather, but his will was as firm as steel. He was a stranger to fear of any kind, an' was, in truth, a wayward *boughal*.

At the football or the hurlin' there was found no match for Dan, an' at the dance or the pathern he took the sway wid all the colleens, for his feet were nimble an' his face was fair.

Bud it's an ould sayin' an' a thrue wan, that the greatest hairo will meet his match sometime or other.

Dan had plenty of leisure time on hand bekaise he had neither wife nor child to work for, an' his little homestead was a freehould; but an idle man tempts the divil, as the saint says.

He often heard tell of the banshee that followed his family, an' wan night, when he was rather tipsy, he bet a wager wid a few of his dhrinkin' companions that he would take the golden comb from her, an' keep it for the space of twenty nights.

Dan was the last of an ould ancient family, an' it was mighty sthrange, for it was well known that the banshee used to be heard croonin' in his garden for seven nights in the month of July every year.

People used to shiver when they'd hear the mournful wail, for they knew it meant an approachin' death; but when they saw that Dan continued to survive, they did not know what to make of it.

"He has a fairy-charm," says wan; "He keeps a black cat," says another; but none of them could find out the cause.

It was about the last week of June that he made the rash wager, an' when the banshee did come he felt rather cowed at his unlucky bargain, for the bright eyes of a winsome colleen were making a fair impression on his heart.

His evil comrades, too, were beginning to twit him about his bravery, so that he had nothing to sustain him but his pride.

"*F'augh* on you, Dan O'Connor!" says he to himself, "to be showin' the white feather at the last moment, when all ye have to do is to take the comb from her hand, an' gain the renown of the world for such a brave deed! Let me forget every mortal tie, an' then I'll do it, though the banshee wor a fiend from below!"

O! the poor, foolish *omedhaun*!

The banshee took up her ould place on a low green mound that stood in Dan's garden; an' the boy felt the "life-shiver" run through him as he saw her form, an' heard her sad, sad croon, for the night was a calm an' moonlit one.

He could see the comb shinin' and glintin' in her small white fingers as she stroked her long goolden treesses; but still he did not give up his dhreadful design.

Louder an' louder wailed the banshee as O'Connor approached her, an' as he looked into her beautiful though hard, stony face, he saw large tears rowlin' down her cheeks.

She did not attempt to move away; neither did she stop combin' her hair as Dan grasped at the comb; but when he seized it, she uttered a strange unearthly shriek, an' fled from the place with the quickness of a bird, lavin' Dan in possession of the comb.

O'Connor gazed at his prize for a long time.

It was curious workmanship, an', what was sthranger, it was of different colors, like what we do often see in a thick flake of ice, an' it gave out a kind of heat that Dan never felt before.

He brought it home, and placed it under a dish near his pillow; but all night long it sounded, or sobbed, rather like a sea-shell, so that he could not sleep.

Next day, the bright-eyed colleen that I sed was beginnin to touch his heart came to him, and told him so she was warned in a dhrame that he was to die a lingerin' death is he didn't restore the comb to the banshee on the followin' night, at the same hour an' place.

"What good can it do ye, Dan?" says the girl, coxin, him like. "What good can 't do ye for to deprive the poor harmless crathur, that has cried all our ancesthors to the grave, of her comb? Ruination—that's all ye'll get for it; an' may'e some colleen bawn would feel yer loss."

"Ah, go away wid ye!" says he. "Shure, it's time enough for the likes o' ye to give advice when it's axed of ye!"

"Oh, very well, Dan," says she; "but ye'll regret it sore that ye slighted my words."

An' she went away, crying' as bitther as ever that banshee cried.

Well, when the night came on, the banshee set up her wail as usual, but it was not a wail of sarra or regret at all, but a downright cry of vengeance like what the bowld childhre set up when they're well whipped.

Dan heard it, but his hard heart did not melt in the last.

He staid in his own room in ordher not to see her; but, faith, it sames she knew what he was up to, for she glided from the green mound in the diraction of the house.

Nearer and nearer came the sounds until the fairy-woman reached the back wall of his room.

Ye may be shure he felt a little terror now, for her voice was not a human wan, but sounded on his ears, an' brain, an' narves, like the roar of a hundhred stame-whistles, only a kind o' sweether like what a man hears when he's dhrownd.' Still he did not relint as he aughter.

When day broke, the banshee moved away, an' tho' Dan felt quare in himself afther listnin' to the noise the live-long night, he continued firm in his resolution to hould his prize.

The day wore on and evenin' came again.

The reckless boy expected that the banshee would visit the same place when the night shadows would fall from the sky, an' he'd his harum-scarum friends invited to his house to dhrink an' carouse wid him, but not wan o' them would come.

They agreed to let him have the wager, but they didn't care to have their names mintioned in the matther.

As I was sayin', night came on, an' the banshee came along wid it.

She crooned along the valleys till she came to the mound in Dan's garden.

There she stopped for a while, an then moved up to the house.

If she cried loudly before, she actually screamed this time, an' not contint wid the ground, she raised herself on a level wid the windie, an' grimaced at him, while her wailin continued till mornin's down.

Dan O'Connor felt cowed at last. The sights and sounds he witnessed could not be borne by mortal man for another night so wid a dreadful chill creepin through his bones, he repaired to a famous fairy doethor who lived twenty miles from Dan's place.

"Morrow, Dan!" says the doethor.

"Good morrow, an' good luck!" answered Dan. "Bud how did ye come to know me at all at all!"

"Oeh! how do we know everything?" says the fairyman.

"Twould be hard to tell that!"

"You're comin' about the banshee, I believe!" says the fairyman, wid a knowin grin.

"Musha, then, I am, in troth!" says Dan.

"Maybe ye want to give be back her comb?" says the fairyman.

"I do, indade, though that same won't be an asy matther, seein' that we ar'nt the best of friends for a short time back."

"Well, I'm an honest man, a wise man, an' a knowledgible man," says the fairy doethor; "so I won't lade you astharay. To-night the moon is at her full. Hie thee home, Dan O'Connor, an' meet the banshee in your garden at the midnight hour. Don't present the comb to her wid yer naked hand, for fear she might snatch the arm from your body. Place it between the claws of a tongis, an' offer it to her. Now go; an' when ye lave this cabin, look not to the right or to the left."

Dan fulifilled the fairyman's ordhers, an' at the midnight hour he met her on the mound.

He gripped the tongis very tightly, as he extended it towards her.

The beautiful comb glistened in the moon's rays, an', wid a loud shriek, she grasped at it.

The fairy doethor was right, for she brought a leg of the tongis as well as her comb, an' the shock which it gave to Dan threw him into a rapid decline; so that, before twelve months went by, he was laid in his grave. But no banshee mourned his death.

His sighted colleen thravelled down to Munster, where she was engaged as dairy-maid by a wealthy gentleman. One fine mornin' in May she went to the pasture to milk as usual, when what did she see but a crock o'goold near one o'the ditches.

Widout takin' her eyes off it, she threw a coin into it to preserve the charm. A few months afther she was married to some juke or earl. An' there's my story o' the banshee!

At Union Hill, N. J., a few evenings ago an uncomplimentary remark was made about the deceased, and during a row that followed two five cent pieces were stolen from the dead man's eyes, together with a Bible that laid at the head of the coffin.

IF I WERE YOU.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

"Why did he look so grave?" she asked,
"What might the trouble be?"
"My little maid," he sighing said,
"Suppose that you were me,
And you a weighty secret owned,
Pray tell me what you'd do."
"I think I'd tell it somebody,"
Said she, "if I were you!"

But still he sighed and looked askance
Despite her sympathy.
"Oh, tell me, little maid," he said,
Again, "if you were me,
And if you loved a pretty lass,
Oh, then, what would you do?"
"I think I'd go and tell her so,"
Said she, "if I were you!"

"My little maid, 'tis you," he said,
"Alone are dear to me."
Ah, then, she turned away her head
And ne'er a word said she,
But what he whispered in her ear,
And what she answered, too—
Oh, no, I cannot tell you this;
I'd guess, if I were you.

A Wife's Martyrdom.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "THORNS AND BLOSSOMS," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?" ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT if she has no children?" he asked.

"The will makes no provision in that respect," she answered. "Angela will do as she likes."

"Suppose—although it is very unlikely—that she never marries?" he slowly interrupted.

"The property is hers to do absolutely what she likes with it. She can leave it to charities; she can do as she will. Poor Sir Charles thought she would be sure to marry."

"No doubt she will," said the Captain, whose lips had grown pale; and there was a curious expression in his eyes, a harsh sound in his voice, as he continued, "There is another view of the matter which no one seems to have entertained. I do not think Mr. Sansome is a good man of business or he would have drawn Sir Charles' attention to it. What becomes of the money and property if Angela dies before you?"

A spasm of suspense passed over his face.

"Angela die before me?" she echoed. "I have never thought of such a contingency."

"Nor has any one else, it seems," said the Captain. "It might happen; it is a possibility; and all possibilities should be provided against."

"Certainly," agreed her ladyship.

The cold white lips parted slowly, and the voice that came from them was unlike his own.

"What becomes of the property in that case?" he asked slowly.

"It is mine," she replied. "In that case it is at my disposal."

"At your disposal? You can dispose of it in any way you please? Well, that is just what I want to talk to you about. I was not quite sure whether your late husband had left any instructions on that point. Now, Laura, if the property should become absolutely yours, what would you do with it?"

"Do you know, Vance," she cried, "I have never even thought of such a contingency arising?"

"What do you think now?" he urged. "Can I help, can I advise you? I think you ought to attend to a matter of such grave importance. There is nothing so uncertain as human life."

"You really frighten me, Vance!" she cried.

He was beginning to recover his self-possession.

For a brief interval he was silent, thinking whether he should say boldly, "Leave it to me, if I survive you," or whether he should wait until the idea suggested itself to her.

"Have you any friends or relatives to whom you should bequeath it, Laura?"

"No," she replied thoughtfully.

"I shall in all probability die before you, Laura," he went on, in mock solemnity. "If I do, I shall leave all that I have in the world to you."

She interrupted him with a cry of pain; then, recovering herself, she looked up at him with a flash of light in her trusting eyes.

"How stupid I am!" she said. "Of course I should act in like manner to you. If—which Heaven forbid—Angela dies before me, I shall leave all to you, Vance. What else can I do?"

"You will live years longer than I shall, Laura. My life will be a short and merry one."

"Do not say that, my darling; you will break my heart," cried Lady Laura. "I wonder," she went on presently, "why I have not thought of the matter? I must adopt your advice, and make a will. I believe that I have been so much in love with you ever since I first saw you that I have forgotten everything but you."

"It seems like it," he said, with a smile. "But, Laura, you are quite sure there is no other way in which you would like to dispose of the property, if it should ever be at your disposal?"

"Yes—quite sure," she replied. "I have but you and Angela in the whole wide world."

"Then, as you have decided, the thing should be seen to at once. Would you like to see Mr. Sansome, or any one else?"

"Mr. Sansome, certainly. He made Sir Charles's will and manages all my legal matters. I should not like a stranger."

The same day Mr. Sansome received a note from Lady Laura Wynyard, saying that she was in town, and desired to see him on business at once.

He went to Rood House, and great was his surprise when he heard what was required of him.

He had been taken to her ladyship's boudoir, as being the least open to intrusion.

Although he had written to her constantly, and still had the management of the estates, he had not seen her since her husband's death.

He was startled to see how young and beautiful she still looked. She was most gracious to the lawyer, and seemed pleased to see him.

He had not been at all surprised on hearing of her second marriage. It was exactly what he had foreseen. But he was surprised at the kind of man she had married.

When she told him of the will that she wished to make he shook his head very gravely.

"I may speak plainly to your ladyship," he said, "as I have been honored with your confidence?"

"Say what you will, Mr. Sansome," she answered; but in her heart she resolved that no words of his should change her intention.

"I was greatly averse to my late client, Sir Charles, making such a will as he did. I considered it one of the most injudicious I had ever heard of; but I hope your ladyship will forgive me, that will was wisdom itself compared to this one that you wish me to draw up for you."

"Why?" she asked, opening her beautiful eyes very wide.

The old lawyer did not like to say plainly, "It puts your daughter's life in the hands of a most unscrupulous man;" but he asked, with perfect frankness—

"Do you not see that it gives your husband a direct interest in your daughter's death?"

She smiled as she thought how little this man understood the noble character of her husband.

"My dear daughter will not die one day the sooner for that," she replied. "And I am perfectly sure that the Captain would not care for the property if the taking of it was likely to shorten Angela's life by one hour. My late husband trusted me implicitly. I, in turn, shall trust my present husband."

"You cannot think the determination wise or judicious," said Mr. Sansome earnestly. "To say the very least of it, it must naturally excite a desire in the Captain's heart for the death of your daughter. It could not possibly do otherwise, only the life of a young and delicate girl being between himself and a vast fortune. I speak honestly when I say that it is not fair to the Captain himself, madam. Be advised by me—do not make that will."

She laughed at the lawyer's unfounded suspicions.

"My husband," she declared, "is incapable even of entertaining so base a thought."

"He must be more than a man who would set no store by such wealth as yours. I consider your proposal most injudicious, as it will create a feeling of insecurity and uneasiness in the family."

"Not at all," said her ladyship. "I do not see how it can affect us—affect either Angela or the Captain. I or the Captain himself may die first. The fact of my making this will will not hasten my dear daughter's death by one minute, or I would not make it."

She did not notice the grave expression that came over the lawyer's face.

"I repeat, madam," he urged, "that it is injudicious, at least. You will make your daughter's death an object to be desired by the one who will be enriched by it."

"Nonsense, Mr. Sansome!" said her ladyship rather warmly. "I tell you that my husband is one of the most noble of men. I must, should my daughter unfortunately die before me, leave the property to some one. To whom better could I leave it than to him I love and trust? You may as well set about it, Mr. Sansome," she added; "it has to be done. If you hesitate, I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of seeing a stranger, who will not do it one-half so well, she finished, with a slight smile.

"Let me clearly understand," he said. "If Miss Rooden should die before you, you wish the whole of the property to go to Captain Wynyard, should he survive you?"

"That is just what I wish," she replied.

"I will draw up the will, as your ladyship directs; but I protest against the character of it as being even more injudicious and ill-judged than the one made by Sir Charles."

Lady Laura was immovable; and, seeing that, Mr. Sansome said no more.

He waited at Rood House until its master returned, and spent some few minutes in conversation with him; and the opinion he formed of the handsome Captain was anything but a favorable one.

"It will be better, Laura darling, not to say anything about the will to Angela," Captain Wynyard suggested to his wife; and she did not just then.

CHAPTER XIX.

PLENTY of invitations!" said Captain Wynyard laughingly, as he looked over the pile of cards on the drawing-room table. "'Countess Rawson,' 'Lady Herbert,' the French Embassy, 'The Duchess of Pemburn,' 'Lady Scarsholme'—an embarrassment of riches—'Lady Kinloch, to meet a Royal Duke'! We must go there; I have not seen Lady Kinloch for an age."

"We can manage three in one evening," said Lady Laura. "I know some who can manage even more."

The Captain laughed. He was in the best possible humor, and the prospect of seeing Gladys Rane once more added greatly to his delight.

He had resolved to see as much as he could of Gladys; but he had also resolved to be very cautious in his conduct. He longed with all his heart to call on Lady Kinloch; but he knew it would be more prudent to refrain.

If he wished to enjoy Gladys Rane's society, he must be careful how he proceeded.

He would not put it in any one's power to say that he rushed off to Palace Place on the first day he was in town, but would wait and meet Gladys at Lady Kinloch's ball.

Vance Wynyard did not attempt to repress the love he felt for the charming niece of Lady Kinloch.

He knew nothing of self-restraint or self-control; he had never been much in the habit of practicing either.

If he wanted anything, he obtained it, no matter at what cost. He never admitted to himself the unwelcome fact that his desires and interests were identified with his wife, that, in common honor, he was bound to love her and no other woman.

He would have laughed such thoughts to scorn.

He had made up his mind to see as much as possible of Gladys Rane, and he intended to carry out his plan.

He never gave one thought to the absolute harm he would do her by indulging his passion.

Knowing that she loved him, and knowing all that had passed between them, if he had been a man of honor he would studiously have avoided her; but he was not a man of honor, and therefore thought only of his own selfish desires.

Angela had noticed his quick decision with respect to Lady Kinloch's invitation, and glanced at her mother to see how she had accepted it; but the beautiful unsuspecting face was calm and radiant. Her martyrdom had not yet begun.

The evening of Lady Kinloch's ball arrived, and no one but the Captain himself knew of his agitation and excitement.

He disguished his feelings by an assumed light-heartedness and an uninterrupted flow of conversation.

Lady Laura thought she had never seen her husband in such high spirits before. Fortunately for her, she had not given one thought to Gladys Rane.

They went all three together to Palace Place, Lady Laura sweet in her fair loveliness, Angela beautiful in her girlish grace. Both were exquisitely dressed, Lady Laura in pale blue brocade with white lilac, and Angela in white silk and primroses.

They were, without doubt, the two fairest women in the room, and the Captain was envied by all the men present.

It was in her aunt's magnificent ball-room that Gladys Rane met Captain Wynyard once more.

She had seen his name in the list of fashionable arrivals in town, and had wondered when and where they should meet. Now the moment was come.

He was in the same room with her, looking handsomer than ever, his face full of delight at seeing her, his eyes telling of the love that burned in his heart.

From the moment he entered the room until he left it he had but one thought, and that was for Gladys Rane.

Much as he had gained by his marriage, he almost repented it when he saw her face once more.

He had resolved that he would not show any signs of haste, that he would not seek her as she entered the room; but, when his eyes rested on her fair face, all his resolutions vanished.

It was as though she had stretched out her white hands and touched his heart-strings.

He forgot his wife, forgot Angela, and left them standing alone while he went slowly up to Miss Rane, walking like one spell-bound.

"Gladys!" he said; and then all further speech failed him.

"I knew you would come," she whispered.

She laid her hand on his arm, and they walked away together. For some moments there was perfect silence between them; then Gladys spoke.

"This is the first time I have seen you since your marriage, Vance. I was in the church. I witnessed the ceremony."

"I wish to Heaven that it was you who had been by my side," he said, in a low voice.

"Are you happy?" she asked; and her voice trembled.

"Happy!" she cried. "I am happy enough so far as money and luxury can make a man happy; but I am horribly tired of all the rest."

"Then your wife," she began.

But he interrupted her.

"My wife," he said hastily, "is the most beautiful, most loving, most soulless and insane woman I have ever met. She has never amused me for five minutes since we have been married. She thinks of nothing but making me costly presents and giving me the whole of her tiresome society."

"I understand," said Gladys softly.

"I was obliged to marry for money," he urged apologetically; "and certainly my wife is all that any man could desire, except that she is a great deal too affectionate; but—— Well, I must not complain; no man can have everything. Life at home bores me. Gladys, you take compassion on me; you will let me come and see you sometimes?"

"Yes; but you must not come too often, Vance. My aunt will not like it."

"I wish your aunt were at Timbuctoo!" he said hastily.

"In that case I should probably be with her, so that you would not gain much," she replied, with a forced smile.

"But, Gladys, you will be kind to me—you will let me spend some of my time with you? I know I must not come there too often; but there are many other places where we can meet."

"But, Vance," she said sadly, "how will it end? You know it is useless; you know that I must not learn to care for you more than I do. It will make me only the more unhappy. How will it end?"

Neither she nor he had the faintest idea.

"Never mind the end, Gladys; we are far enough from that, I hope. Be kind and generous to me. You know that the only real pleasure I have in the world is being with you; and why should we deprive ourselves of what is a great pleasure to both? Remember, our compact of friendship was made for life."

"Yes, friendship," she repeated hesitatingly.

"No one has ever defined the limits of friendship yet," he said. "Of course I know we must be prudent, careful, and I should be sorry to do anything which would draw public attention to us; but we can have many a pleasant half-hour together, if you will consent."

"It is always a pleasure to me to see you, Vance—you know that; but we must ——"

She did not complete the sentence, for the music of a fascinating waltz reached them.

"You will give this waltz to me?" he said.

"I could not refuse," she replied.

And the next moment Lady Laura Wynyard, crossing the ball-room to speak to her hostess, saw, to her great surprise, her husband waltzing with Gladys Rane.

Gladys Rane and Captain Wynyard were old friends who had danced together a hundred times before, and would in all probability dance together a hundred times again; there were nothing surprising in it.

But any one who saw Lady Laura Wynyard when her eyes first fell on the pair would have thought that something terrible had occurred.

Her face grew perfectly white, the color died even from her lips, and her eyes gleamed with a strange light.

She stood watching them in silence for a few seconds, and then passed on. There was nothing unusual in their manner; but it seemed to her as though she had received some deadly wound.

Then she tried to laugh herself out of her unpleasant thoughts.

There was nothing in it; her husband was merely dancing with an old friend. Yet at that moment Lady Laura's martyrdom began.

The ball was a most brilliant one. Angela seemed to enjoy it thoroughly, and she and her mother were surrounded with admirers.

Lady Laura looked radiantly beautiful; but, though she laughed and chatted gaily, her blue eyes were restless, and wandered continually in search of her husband.

She did not quite recover her color, and there was something in her smile that to a close observer would have suggested tears. And for what? When she asked herself that question, she was ashamed.

A time came when she found herself very near Angela, and she hastened to her daughter.

"Angel," she asked, "where is the Captain? I cannot see him. Is he in the ball-room?"

Angela looked round with innocent, unconscious eyes.

"I do not see him, mamma. Ah, yes, there he is—near the conservatory door, with Miss Rane!"

"I do not wish to stay here any longer," said Lady Laura. "Do you not think it is time we left? We shall be late for Pemburn House."

As plainly as if her mother had spoken them, Angela read her thoughts, read her jealousy and fear.

"I am quite willing to go home," she replied.

"Tell the Captain I want to speak to him, will you, Angela?"

Much against her will, the young girl crossed the room to him.

He was so deeply engrossed in conversation that at first he did not notice her; but Gladys saw her, and welcomed her very kindly.

"Mamma wishes to speak to you, Captain Wynyard," said Angela, with her usual cold formality.

"I am engaged," he replied brusquely.

Half an hour afterwards he made his way to his wife's side.

"We had better go," she said; "we shall be late for Pemburn House."

But he did not care to leave Gladys Rane.

"I find it so pleasant here," he said, turning away, "that, with your permission, I shall stay an hour longer."

CHAPTER XX.

IT was not without many a hard struggle that Gladys Rane had compromised with her conscience, and accepted under the name of friendship what she well knew to be love.

She tried to act up to the honorrable dictates of her heart.

She said to herself that she had loved Captain Wynyard deeply and passionately: but, now that he was married, there could be no question of love between them; still they might surely be friends, even intimate friends.

No one could possibly find fault, if they were only that. Yet she knew perfectly well that she ought to have avoided him, that her only safeguard lay in shunning him.

More—knowing that, she missed no opportunity of meeting him whenever it was possible. She called it friendship, yet she know that at the very sight of him her heart beat with a pleasant excitement, that her face flushed with joy.

When he spoke to her, it was as though the depths of her soul were stirred. She knew that his face was ever before her; that her first thought on waking was of him; that his name was the last word she uttered at night; that her dreams were filled with him; that her whole heart was centred in him; that her whole being was engrossed in him.

Yet, knowing all this, she had not the moral courage to give him up altogether and see no more of him.

It was treading on thin ice; it was a friendship fraught with the most dangerous consequences to her. But she would not think of that side of the question; she reasoned that, although he was another woman's husband, he would have married her if either of them had had money.

He was not happy in his marriage, and, if her friendship was a comfort to him, he should have it.

So a few weeks ran pleasantly on. The Captain was careful to do nothing that could arouse his wife's suspicions.

He was kind to her in a careless fashion, and she had not the faintest idea that his whole heart was consumed with love for another woman.

He was absent from home a great deal; but then he had so many engagements.

One evening, when he had been dancing with Gladys at the house of a friend, and had taken her afterwards into the conservatory, she said to him—

"Do you know, Vance, we have not had a ride together for a long time; and, of all things, I enjoy most a ride with you. I suppose you are always on duty with her ladyship?"

"I will ride with you to-morrow, if you wish it," he answered eagerly. "It will be a greater pleasure to me than it can be to you."

"I should like it," she said. "But what will Lady Laura say?" she asked.

"Just what she likes. But there will be no need to tell her. We will not wait for the fashionable hour; let us go in the early morning. You can manage that, Gladys?"

"I will manage it, whatever the cost," she replied; and she did.

They had a long ride together, and both enjoyed it all the more because it was a stolen pleasure.

But, seeing her husband looking somewhat tired that evening, Lady Laura said to him suddenly—

"Have you been riding to-day, Vance?"

And he answered quickly, "No."

Later that same evening the Captain and his wife attended an "At home" given by one of the leaders of fashion, the Duchess of Everton. Amongst the guests was an old friend of Lady Laura's, a Mrs. Gilder Langton, a pretty, fashionable woman, who came to her now with a smiling face.

"I have just heard some one say your ladyship has one of the handsomest husbands in London," she said, "and I am half inclined to believe it is true. I suppose he takes those early rides to preserve his health and beauty?"

"Early rides," echoed Lady Laura. "I do not see how you can call them early. He rides with the rest of the world."

"It was not noon when I saw him with Miss Rane in the Park this morning."

Lady Laura remembered suddenly what her husband had said.

"You are mistaken," she replied. "My husband has not been riding to-day; he told me so."

Mrs. Gilder Langton had not the faintest intention of making mischief; but she did not like to be contradicted, and she knew that she had seen the handsome Captain.

"I assure you that he did ride, and with Miss Rane too. I saw them both."

"You must have been mistaken; it was not Captain Wynyard," said her ladyship; and then some friends joined them, and the subject dropped.

Lady Laura however did not forget. When they were in the drawing-room at home—the Captain recruting exhausted nature with his famous remedy, brandy-and-seltzer, Lady Laura looking beautiful and stately in her rich velvet and diamonds—she said to him—

"Vance, did you ride this morning?"

Again he answered "No."

"I knew you did not!" she cried. "Mrs Gilder Langton told me she met you with Miss Rane."

Lady Laura could not help seeing how hotly his face flushed and how fierce was the gleam that came into his eyes.

"Mrs. Gilder Langton is a——" Then he stopped suddenly and laughed. "She has mistaken some one else for me," he said more calmly, "I thought that woman could not see."

"She seemed quite certain of it; but I knew you would not be riding with Gladys Rane."

"Certainly not," he answered.

It proved to be a very unpleasant ride for him. He had thought no one would notice him; but not only had Mrs. Gilder Langton seen him, but also his most intimate friend, who in the matter of good looks, virtues, and vices, was about on a par with himself.

Sir Harry Bertford had been a witness of his clandestine ride. It seemed to the Captain that he was never to hear the last of it.

On the afternoon following he was what Miss Rane called "on-duty"—in other words, driving with Lady Laura.

There was a great number of people in the Row, and Sir Harry approached the carriage.

"I want to speak to you, Wynyard!" he cried; and the coachman drew up at once. "How well you are looking, Lady Laura!" he said. "And what a beautiful day this is! I should think, old man," he added, turning to his friend, "you spend your whole day out of doors. You were in the park early enough yesterday morning, and you were so engrossed that you passed me without a word or look."

Again the Captain's face flushed hotly, and the angry gleam flashed in his eyes. But, before he had time to speak, Lady Laura looked up impatiently.

"You are mistaken, Sir Harry," she said. "The Captain did not ride at all yesterday."

Sir Harry was a man of the world, and he guessed in a second, from the expression on the Captain's face, that he had done wrong; if he had any doubt upon the point, it was removed when he heard the tone of Lady Laura's voice.

"I must have been mistaken—in all probability I was," he replied.

"With whom did you think my husband was riding?" asked her ladyship.

But Sir Harry was too shrewd to be caught in any such trap, and took in the whole situation in a moment.

"With no one," he answered simply; "but, Lady Laura, I must have been entirely mistaken."

Then the Captain broke in abruptly with a question about something else.

"Vance," said Lady Laura, "were you in the Park yesterday morning?"

He turned to her angrily.

"Do let me hear the last of that most foolish subject!" he cried. "I am absolutely tired of it!"

If he had laughed good-naturedly, she would have forgotten all about the incident. But his anger made her suspicious, and she resolved to find out the truth for herself. After a few words with Mrs. Gilder Langton, she knew that her husband had been out riding with Gladys Rane, and had kept the matter secret from her. It was the secrecy that distressed her. Why had her husband sought to keep the truth from her? From that hour her suspicions and her jealousy were awakened, and she did what she had not done before—she watched her husband and Gladys Rane—watched them, and in so doing almost broke her heart. She told herself that she had been blind and credulous—that she had been asleep; for who that saw them together could doubt that her husband loved Gladys Rane? She noticed how frequently he danced with her how often, when the dances were ended, he disappeared with her into conservatories or shaded retreats. She saw the delight in his face when he met her.

Slowly she realised the fact, and she remembered with something like terror Angela's words—"He will marry you for your money; but he loves Gladys Rane." A horrible fear took possession of her.

Suppose that those words were true—that he did love another? The very thought made her heart sink within her.

He was the idol of her life; all the brightness and warmth of her existence came from him, and, if he cared for some one else, there was an end to her happiness.

She could never live and know that his love was given to another.

Then again, when he was kind to her, and uttered some careless words of affection, she would endeavor to forget her haunting suspicions.

She would look into the handsome face, and try to make herself happy again. She began however to notice more closely the conduct of those about her.

She saw that all Miss Rane's admirers made way for her husband; she saw that wherever Miss Rane was her husband invariably made his way to her.

But as yet Lady Laura had borne her martyrdom in silence; the time was coming when her pain must find words.

* * * * * *

"Angela, I want you. Come to my room with me." And the girl followed her mother into the room where she had promised to make the most foolish will that was ever drawn up.

The boudoir was looking its brightest. It was nearly the end of May now, and the room was filled with the sweet fragrance of flowers, and the sun, shining in brightly, touched the golden head of Lady Laura and and the fair face of her daughter.

But Lady Laura's eyes were full of tears and her face was pale.

She seemed to have lost much of her bloom and radiance.

"Angel, come and talk to me;" she said. Then the tears that filled the usually bright eyes fell, and Lady Laura Wynyard burst into a passion of weeping. "Oh, Angel," she sobbed, "I am so unhappy! I must speak to you. I am so unhappy that I fear I shall die!"

And, before another word was uttered, Angela knew to what her mother referred, and she realised that the sorrow she had always foreseen was about to fall upon them.

"Come and comfort me, Angel," cried the hapless lady. "I am in sore distress. My dear, you said, not once, but often, that the Captain did not love me, and that he was going to marry me for my money. Did you mean it? Did you believe it?"

If her mother had taken her warning at the time, Angela would have been grateful, and would have persisted in all she then said.

But the fatal knot had been tied, and there was nothing for it but to make the best of it.

"You must not remember what I said then, mamma darling. It is unless recalling the words

"But, Angel you said that the Captain did not love me because he loved Gladys Rane. Oh, my dear was it true—was it true?"

"I hope not, mamma," she replied. "It is no use thinking of such things now."

"I cannot help thinking of them, and must speak of them, or my heart will break!" she sobbed. "Oh, Angel, you who love me so truly, can you not see how I suffer?"

Angela drew near and kissed the pale sad face. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

PICKPOCKETS' METHODS.—When a mob of pickpockets start out to "work a crowd" on a train, they break into twos. The operator on leather fans his intended victim. This, in plain English, means that he ascertains the location of his victim's money. He gets alongside of the man whose pocket is to be picked, and with a rapid movement he dexterously passes his fingers lightly over every pocket. His touch is so delicate that it enables him to locate the boodle, and to ascertain its character, whether a roll a purse, or a pocket-book. The surging of the crowd especially on a crowded railway train, accounts to the suspicious traveller for the occasional jostling which he receives.

It is found that the most common receptacle for the pocket-book is the left trousers pocket, front. When the victim is selected, one of the brace of thieves plants himself squarely in front of him, while the other crowds up behind him on the right side. The operator in front, under cover of a newspaper or a coat thrown over the arm, feels the pocket, and if the victim is a stiff-necked or a straight-backed man in a standing position, he finds the lips of the pocket drawn close together. In this case it is dangerous to attempt the insertion of the hand.

A very low-toned clearing of the throat, followed by a guttural noise, is the signal for his pal to exert a gentle pressure upon the victim's right shoulder. This is so gradually extended that the traveller yields to the pressure without knowing it, and without changing the position of his feet. This throws the lips of the pocket open for the operator in front, who does not insert his hand and attempt to draw the book out, but works on the lining. He draws it out an eighth of an inch at a time, without inserting his fingers more than half way.

Should this process of drawing the contents of the pocket to its mouth be felt by the victim, another low clearing of the throat gives the sign to the confederate, and the game is dropped. If the victim's suspicions are not aroused, the pick-pocket continues at his work of drawing the lining out until the roll of bills, the purse, or the pocket-book is within reach of the deft fingers. It is then grasped between the index and middle finger and gently drawn out. The successful completion of the job is indicated by a gentle chirrup, like the chirp of a canary, and the precious pair separate from their victim to ply the same tricks on the next one.

ANTIQUITY SWINDLING.—A new scheme for swindling curiosity hunters and collectors of bric-a-brac has lately been set on foot in Paris. A few days ago an old coffin was dug up by some of the men engaged in excavations in the Rue de Bearn. By its side were found some old swords, which are supposed to have belonged to Knight's Templars.

Since these discoveries several rogues have been goin gabout Paris selling antiquarian curiosities which they allege to have been dug up in the Rue de Bearn. Their dupes have been remarkably numerous. One of the latter lately received a visit from some of the swindlers and bought for $20 a rusty helmet and sword, which, according to the statements of the venders, had undoubtedly belonged to some baron bold or Knight Templar of the middle ages. The buyer proud of his bargain, sent off his ancient treasures to the museum of his native town in the centre of France, and received a letter [of thanks from the Mayor, as well as an invitation to attend the opening of a new wing of the museum in question.

In the meantime the mediæval curiosities were submitted to the inspection of a lynx-eyed and experienced member of the Academy of Science, who happened to be staying in the town on a visit. This gentleman had no hesitation in pronouncing them to be articles of theatrical "property," which had been plunged into some chemical operation. They were returned to their owner with thanks; and he, in order to have his revenge on the enterprising individuals by whom he was cheated, has placed the matter in the hands of the police.

A HARMONICUM, with French clothespin attachment and so arranged as to be readily adjustable to the nose, is offered by an inventor as something that will fill a long felt want in the way of converting a pestiferous snorer into an involuntary musician.

Scientific and Useful.

RATS.—Rats can be got rid of, a correspondent asserts, in a way described as follows: "An old Indian told me to catch the biggest rat in a wire trap, with scissors crop his ears, cut off his tail, singe him with paper, put a toy bell on his neck with a fine piece of wire, and he will look and act so that he will scare all the rats away. It is not a painful operation."

LEATHER ON PULLEYS.—Cast iron pulleys can be faced with leather without the use of rivets by the following method: Brush over the face of the pulley with acetic acid, which will in a short time rust it and create a rough surface; the leather can then be attached by a cement composed of one pound of fish glue and half a pound of common glue cooked in alcohol and water.

CHOLERA AND IRON.—It is worth remembering that during the first visit of cholera at St. Petersburg, in 1832, a firm of iron founders employing five hundred men informed them that all those who would not take a teaspoonful of powdered charcoal on entering the works in the morning must leave their employ. The consequence was that they did not lose a single man when myriads were dying around them.

WOOD STAINS.—A wash of one part of nitric acid in ten parts of water will, it is said, impart a stain resembling mahogany to pine wood that does not contain much resin. When the wood is thoroughly dry shellac varnish will impart a fine finish to the surface. A glaze of carmine or lake will produce a rosewood finish. Asphaltum, thinned with turpentine, makes an excellent mahogany color on new wood.

IVORY.—Ivory scales, piano keys, paper knives, and so on, may be cleaned by scrubbing them with a new soft tooth-brush, soap and tepid water; then dry the ivory and brush well, dip the latter in alcohol and polish the ivory until it has regained its former sheen. If the water gives the ivory a yellowish tint dry the object in a heated place. If age has yellowed it place the object under a bell-jar with a small vessel containing lime and muriatic acid, and set the whole in the sunshine.

CUTTING BY ELECTRICITY.—To cut glass tubes by electricity, an iron wire is wound around the tube at the place required to be cut, and the ends are connected by means of copper conductors of the same diameter with the poles of a powerful battery. This iron becomes heated when the current flows, and it is only necessary to cool it suddenly with a few drops of cold water in order to procure a clear cut. Glass tubes four inches in diameter are now cut in this way.

Farm and Garden.

OATS AND RYE.—Oats and rye are much similar to each other in composition. To make a good feed for horses corn should be mixed with them. A bushel of rye, two bushels of oats and five of corn, ground together will make excellent food.

FOWLS.—See that all fowls, young and old, are protected from damp winds. It is now good time to stop up all leaky roofs and batten up any holes that might cause direct draughts. Good care now means freedom from roup later. When fowls are kept healthy the money returned is always larger.

POTATO STALKS.—Potato stalks should be left through the winter where they grow. They are rich in fertilizing value and protect the surface from blowing and leaching through the winter. It is sometimes recommended to carry them into the barnyard for manure, but they are of more value where they were grown.

LARGE AND SMALL.—The farmer as a rule wants a large cow, as he thinks as much of the beef qualities of his cattle as of their dairy qualities. A large cow, though, on the dairy farm, where the cows are only kept for their milk, and no attention is paid to the calves, would be considered expensive to feed. A large animal will eat more than a smaller one, and every item of expense, however small, must be cut down as low as possible in these times if any profit is expected from dairying.

TAKING CARE.—Now that the harvest is over, remove the knives, from the mowers and reapers, to avoid accidents, and see that all machinery used is properly oiled and stored in a dry place. The following mixtures are recommended as excellent for coating plows and tools in order to keep them rusting. Dissolve an ounce of resin in four ounces of linseed oil, and add one quart kerosene, stirring the mixture well. Apply in a warm condition. Another method is to dissolve an ounce of camphor in turpentine, and add four ounces of lard and one ounce of pulverized black lead or stove polish; mix well and rub on with a rag.

MORNING FOOD.—Bone meal is an excellent ingredient to mix with the soft morning food, and will help great in forming a large, strong frame for the young chickens. They should always be provided with light nutritious food in good variety. Corn and other fattening food should be saved for winter use. The old hens, too, are just passing through the moulting season, a serious time for them. If their wants are carefully attended to it will materially shorten the length of their moult, and they will come out in excellent condition for winter laying and early spring breeding. They ought to be separated from the young stock and old roosters, and be allowed a season to rest, which they will appreciate.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 31, 1885.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

(IN ADVANCE.)

1 Copy One Year..... $2 00
2 Copies One Year..... 3 00
3 Copies One Year..... 5 00
4 Copies One Year..... 6 00
8 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 12 00
12 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 15 00
20 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 20 00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time at same rate.

It is not required that all the members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check, or Registered Letter.

Always enclose postage for correspondence requiring separate reply, to insure response.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication Office, 728 Sansom St.

Poverty and Marriage.

"When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window," is one of those proverbs at which most good-hearted people will rebel. There never was a generous woman yet who did not in her heart deny it. The love, she would say, that will vanish at the first sight of poverty's thin, hard-featured face must have been pretty near to taking his departure at any rate.

Certainly, there are thousands of men and women in all ranks of life, both of those who have fought their way out of their troubles, and those who are still tugging wearily at the oar, who will give the lie to the proverbial saying. Their poverty, they will tell you, has only brought husband and wife closer together—has only made them know and admire the more each other's patience and courage—has made the love with which they began grow stronger and more tender.

And yet it cannot be denied that too often the proverb proves true. When a man is overwhelmed by care, and crushed with poverty, he is apt to lose heart, to become irritable, to 'cave off those tokens of affection which are prized by a wife, not because he has ceased to love her, but because, in the presence of his trouble, while the burden is heavy on his back, anything that tells of refreshment and ease without removing the burden, seems, indeed, like a mockery.

And too often the wife, who shares the burden, mistakes the irritability and bad temper for want of love; it hurts her that her caresses have no power to charm away the black care which sits on her husband's brow, and in her turn she becomes morose, silent, and reproachful.

The husband, who would have appreciated a silent sympathy, even though he had not shown his appreciation of it, resents the want of it. He feels as if his wife were deserting him in his hour of need, and it only wants an opportunity to make a quarrel which will be hard to heal. The truth is, that love, like all things human, needs to be tried before we can feel sure what it really is.

But the proverb is never quoted in so aggravating a way as when it is recited in the ears of two young people who have just agreed that as soon as there is a glimmer of light on their path they will take each other "for richer, for poorer." It is not only that they feel that a prophecy of evil, as it were, has been made, but an aspersion has been thrown upon the strength and fidelity of their love for each other—the most precious thing in all the world to them. They know in their hearts the slander is not true.

What is worldly prudence? Who is she that she should come with her sneering doubts of all that they know is dearest to them?

The indignation is justifiable; a gentle caution not to be too rash in tempting fortune is surely enough. The saying that "what is enough for one is enough for two," has been proved by a good many adventurous young men and maidens to be far from true. Taking a house involves a hundred little expenses which they who live in boarding-houses or have never left the shelter of their parent's roof, have no idea of.

And without a house and furniture of their own a newly-married couple never feel fairly settled on a foundation on which they may rest their feet as they face the battle of life. It is a hundred times easier to make the sacrifices necessary for saving enough to furnish a house during courtship, while the golden light still rests upon all the future, than it is when a couple have settled down into the quiet, sober reality of married life.

Waiting until something has been saved is not only a guard set against poverty, but it is a test of the reality of affection. The love that threatens to flee before the tedium of waiting some reasonable time, that cannot bear anything of the pain of hope deferred, is not likely to be a patient dweller in the same house with poverty.

Of course in these cases it is impossible to lay down anything like a fixed rule. More than "much," almost everything, depends upon the character, the upbringing, the ideas of those who are chiefly concerned. A girl who has been brought up to make the best of a small income, and bear discomforts cheerfully, would be safe in risking what would be fatal to the happiness of her less brave or less capable sister.

And, in the same way, the character for steady industry and energy of one young man may be a better security against poverty than the good situation or flattering prospects of another. So long as young folks clearly understand what they have to face in an early marriage upon a small income, there is not so much fear of poverty putting love to flight, even if he knocks at the door; even if he succeeds in forcing an entrance.

It is in sanguine heedlessness that there is danger. And when one considers the many advantages which flow from early (we do not mean too early) marriages, one cannot help thinking that as much harm is done by hard, cold, calculating counsels as by recklessness itself.

Better put up with some hardships, better try a fall or two with the ugly intruder, poverty, than remain apart, growing colder and more selfish year by year, till the day for making a happy marriage goes by, never to come again.

Some of those who have looked poverty in the face tell us that he is not so terrible as might have been expected; and that even in his grip, painful as it is, there are strength and endurance to be learned. If the enemy is met in such a spirit as this, love is not likely to be frightened away.

"GATHER up the fragments of time, that nothing be lost." This can be addressed only to those who are employed the greater portion of their time in some earnest work. He who floats loosely and aimlessly in society, has no fragments of time as related to a whole. It is all fragments. He himself is a fragment lying useless, and his whole life requires to be recast. But whatever the great business of a man may be, however engrossing, there will always be some fragments of time that will remain, and with most men these are so considerable that the disposition made of them will greatly modify the results of life. The secret of doing much is to do a little at a time, but to persevere in doing it. A half an hour a day in the service of an earnest purpose, has been sufficient for the acquisition of languages and the writing of books, and for laying the foundation of a lasting fame. Even the minute fragment required for drawing his waxed end was employed by Roger Sherman in looking on his book open before him; and it was thus he became a sage and the signer of the Declaration of Independence. Let a professional man, or any man, when he starts in life, have a side study, be it history, or language, or poetry, or any branch of natural history, or geology, and let him give to it the fragments of his time, and he will be surprised at his own acquisitions; the whole tone of his thoughts and life will be elevated, the change of subject will be his best recreation. And what is thus true in literature and science, is still more so in religion, and all that relates to duty. There is no time too brief for an ejaculatory prayer. When the countenance of Nehemiah was sad for the desolations of Jerusalem, and the King asked him, "What is thy request?" there was time between the question and the answer for him to pray to the "God of Heaven." If the object of this world had been to furnish opportunities for doing good, it could hardly have been arranged better than it is, and whoever has a heart set upon that, will have no need that any fragments of time he should gather up may be lost.

WHEN the man who is at the head of a family, but whose work lies entirely outside of it, assures his wife, who is perhaps struggling with many varieties of labor, care, and perplexity, that her work is what "anybody can do," he strikes a blow at his family's prosperity and happiness which will not be quickly healed. If she believe him, the chances are that discouragement and self-depreciation will induce her to cease the struggle and drift with the tide, her household becoming more or less of a wreck; if she believe him not, while she may rise through her own character and efforts to success in her work, her confidence in his intelligence, as well as in his sympathy must be sadly shaken. The truth is, it is usually ignorance of the particular work in hand that leads one to suppose or to say that "anybody can do it." He who really believes this, need only take hold of it himself in order to be set right. Let him try earnestly to perform it in the best manner, and he will probably retire from the task a wiser and a more respectful man.

EVERY one who would rise must be a thinker and a worker. Not chiefly by study or reading will a man become the first; there is often much knowledge with few ideas; there are very learned men without any grand thoughts of their own. Every one, whatever his opportunities, can exert his own mental powers upon what is near to him, and this force will increase with exercise. He can observe, and compare, and reason for himself; and, though his knowledge may be limited, his ideas will grow. There is no elevation for humanity without toil, none without active thought, feeling and purpose.

PEOPLE who are fond of complaining of the injustice of circumstances, complaining that the good are often unsuccessful, and the evil are often prosperous, would do well to analyze carefully their estimate of success and prosperity. If they include in it riches, fame and position, and exclude from it peace of mind, a contented spirit, a good conscience, a noble character, and the luxury of doing good, they are right according to their standard. But if these latter professions are preferable, then are the good prosperous, indeed, with a prosperity that no misfortune can touch, and no loss remove, and the evil are truly unsuccessful, though they may have wealth and station, and power and ease.

THERE is a reserve that comes from modesty, which should always be respected—a dislike to obtrude self, with its favorite opinions and feelings, interests and anxieties, upon the attention of others. Some of those whose thoughts are best worth pondering, and whose hearts are best worth fathoming, are the best known and appreciated from this cause. Many people are so accustomed to accept noisy demonstration as a sign of real feeling or earnestness, that they fail to detect any depths to the mind and heart whose surface is unruffled.

MORBID contemplation and analysis of self to the exclusion of active duty, and the wilful ignorance of self which carelessly inflicts harm and misery upon others, are both products of an ungenerous egotism. True benevolence and true humanity will take us out of ourselves to live for higher and nobler things, and will equally bring us back to consider ourselves when that is necessary to purity our influence, and to make it a blessing to the world.

HUMAN character needs both doing and thinking to make it truly noble and valuable. Just as the perfection of the body demands the full exercise of every one of its parts, so the perfection of the nature requires the well-balanced exercise of every faculty. Mind and body must unite all their powers to form a well-equipped man or woman. Human happiness is dependent upon this two-fold life.

The World's Happenings.

Sheep are dressed by steam in Melbourne.

It is now proposed to heat horse cars by electricity.

Halloo, a town in Louisiana, wants its name changed.

President Cleveland now weighs three hundred pounds.

Jumbo's heart weighed one thousand six hundred pounds.

The United States has just five cities which are out of debt.

A novel feature in an Edinburgh high school is a swimming bath.

The Indian population of the United States is estimated at 260,000.

Bathing in public schools is the latest pedagogic move in Germany.

"Le Figaro" would tax the 100,000 bachelors in France $5 a year each.

California has two Presbyterian Churches, one Japanese and one Chinese.

The city of cottage city, Martha's Vineyard, is laid out like a capital U.

In Paris 150 babies are rehearsing for a chorus in the play "Petit Poucet."

Pigs' blood is now made into buttons, such as one wears on his waistcoat.

The rage now in Paris, says a correspondent, is "to be married at midnight."

Beer made of bananas is now used in the Congo region as a preventive of malarial fevers.

The latest theory in veterinary science is that shying in horses is caused by near-sightedness.

The skull of Douglass, the Ute Indian war chief, is used as a paper-weight by a Colorado editor.

Girls are forbidden to chew gum in the public schools of Rico, Colorado, under penalty of expulsion.

At the Armstrong Works, in England, a gun that will cast a one-ton shell fifteen miles has been made.

The legal right of a person over eighteen years of age to attend school, is questioned at Dayton, Oregon.

A Texan was arrested in Arkansas, the other day, for a murder committed in his native State 32 years ago.

"Mum-pie" socials are reported to be the present special form of entertainment in some circles at Salt Lake City.

J. E. Morgan, of Bainbridge, Ga., was seized, the other day, with a sneezing spell which lasted eleven hours.

No one is allowed to vote in Arizona until he swears he does not belong to any religious sect favoring polygamy.

The 509 lords of England have an average annual income of $135,000 each, and their gross income is about $75,000,000.

The champion mean man lives at Augusta, Ga., whence he has sent a $50 Confederate note to the Grant Monument Fund.

A young man who has been for eleven years a bootblack in Castle Garden, has sent out engraved invitations to his wedding.

At Fresno, Cal., a man painted a huge squash green and palmed it off upon humpkins at a county fair as an "Irish watermelon."

Another attempt is making to introduce the penny into Texas, where for all practical purposes the nickel has been the smallest coin in general use.

"The Seven Stars of the Mysterious Ten and the Daughters of the Sepulchre," is the dazzling title of an assessment life insurance association of Texas.

The rage for oddities in jewelry, such as a neck pin representing a monkey climbing a ladder, or a harlequin turning a somersault from a gold pole has subsided.

A shower of fish fell in Palatka, Fla., on a recent Saturday. Several of the finny tribe were captured alive, and can now be seen in glass jars and other vessels.

A number of cows in Tolland county, Conn., became drunk a few days ago by a too free indulgence in apple cider left uncovered in large tubs outside of a mill.

Into the office of the "Blade," at Valentine, Dakota, the other day, boldly stepped Two Strikes, an Indian, and jingled on the counter a gold piece for subscription.

An invalid was badly scared and deeply disgusted by a draught of what an Albany grocer had sent for port wine, but which, through a misunderstanding, was pork brine.

Posters have been appearing lately in some of the towns where difficulties with the Chinese exist, warning firemen not to respond to alarms of fire from the Chinese quarters.

A New York firm has split 2,000 trade dollars and turned each dollar into a pocket matchbox—a holiday article to catch the eye of persons in search of cheap things to give.

A letter written in Galveston, and addressed to a firm at "Palestine, Tex.," recently went all the way to the great Palestine, in Asia, and finally was returned from Jerusalem.

Anæsthetics caused the death of eighteen persons in England and Scotland last year. Nine were from the use of chloroform, six from ether, and three from a mixture of ether and chloroform.

At a convention of New England roller skating rink managers, held in Boston, recently, a resolution was passed "denouncing female polo playing in rinks, and masked parties, as demoralizing and injurious to business."

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

I held the skein for her one night,
When the shadowy glint of the firelight
Danced fitfully on the opposite wall.
Polly and I, and that was all,
Were there to see the ghostly ball:
Tongs and scuttle, hearth dogs and cat,
Venus de Milo and Mandarin fat,
Table and lamp, and chairs where we sat,
In rhythmic measure went round and round,
In rhythmic measure with never a sound,
While Polly's arms as she wound and wound
Looked like a fiddler drawing his bow
Across his fiddle to and fro:
The strings were those of the skein, you know.
I held the skein.

I held the skein. I'd known her long,
And my heart had learned the same old song
That hearts have sung since hearts were made,
Trilled in the sunlight or sobbed in the shade.
But my lips were mute, for I was afraid
To speak my thoughts. So I held my peace
And borrowed hope and took new lease
Of friendship I hated yet dreaded might cease.
Poor Polly was oddish and queer in her ways,
Her yess were nays and her nays were yess,
And it often took me days and days
To find out if she was vexed or pleas
Or if I'd been wounded or only teased:
But her ladyship was this night appeased.
I held the skein.

I held the skein, the last few strands:
And as they escaped, my outstretched hands
Were stretched out further and further still
(You see the yarn might have dropped), until
Somehow—well, Polly, wasn't ill,
Only a little bit tired, she said,
And, perhaps, a suspicion of ache in the head
That nestled close under a beard that was red,
But is auburn now. And she calls me Ned,
And says it was really very ill bred
To kiss her and hold her waist instead
Of the skein, and she'll never trust me again,
But she has, for years have flown since when
I held the skein.

Love and Duty.

BY HENRY FRIT

"SHE is not even pretty," soliloquised Edmund Darby, as he turned out of the Rectory garden into the steep narrow lane which led to Croft, the home of many generations of Darbys, tenant-farmers and substantial yeomen. "She is not even pretty, I suppose; and I'm not a boy either, to be taken captive by the first woman who crosses my path;" he added, with somewhat bitterness and a short contemptuous laugh, as he lighted his pipe and strolled slowly onward in a meditative mood.

Once more in the family "keeping-room" at Croft Edmund Darby threw himself listlessly into the cushioned and capacious depths of an old oak chair, once his great-grandfather's, and fell to gazing moodily at a big wood-fire which glowed on the hearth.

While thus engaged, his mother, a stately handsome woman of nearly seventy winters, regarded him from her corner with covert disapprobation.

He was a remarkably fine-looking specimen of the British farmer, with a face which indicated a degree of thought and refinement far above the ordinary attributes of his class.

His dark eyes looked out from beneath brows so broad and full that they seemed even darker than they really were; and they were capable too of lighting up with sudden fire, as many a clodhopping delinquent could testify.

It was true they could also soften and grow bright—but much more rarely—with joy and tenderness.

Then indeed his eyes were beautiful to behold, and one would have been almost justified in calling Edmund Darby a handsome man.

For the rest, he was far too stern of aspect and too squarely and strongly built in figure to resemble in the remotest degree an Adonis; but to the few who really knew and valued him he was something infinitely better—a loyal fearless soul that was both strong and tender.

He was obviously ill at ease as he lounged in the high-backed old oaken chair, for he turned restlessly and smothered a sigh as he lighted a fresh pipe and took a book in hap-hazard fashion from the table at his elbow, as a gentle hint to his womankind that silence just then would be more acceptable to him than conversation.

Aunt Jane, a placid little woman knitting quietly in the chimney-corner, at once accepted the hint, and checked the innocent inquiry which had risen to her lips.

She was a Darby born and bred; and the female Darbys had always been as meek and submissive as the men of that name had been resolute and masterful.

In Aunt Jane's eyes the good pleasure of the head of her house was law as unalterable as that of the Medes and Persians.

It was not so with his mother, a woman of different race, from whom Edmund had derived much of the strength and originality of his character.

If Mrs. Darby felt curious and inclined to converse, neither gods nor men could command silence.

"You've come from the Rectory, Edmund?" she began abruptly.

"Yes mother," was the brief answer given without raising his eyes from his book, of which however he had not turned a single page since he opened it.

"And what is doing up there?" asked Mrs. Darby, as determined to engage her son in conversation as he was quietly determined to prevent her so doing.

"They are much the same as usual. I'm no gossip, as you know, mother; the Rector and myself seldom exchange a word on the subject of our neighbors. To-night he wanted to show me some drawings made in London from those fossils I found in the new railway-cutting last spring," he ended briefly.

An inarticulate sound greeted his reply, and, after a minute, she continued—

"Folk think, if you and the Rector minded your books less and your business more, it would be better for both of you."

"We are not the men to mind what folk say!" was the quick response. "And no one can charge the Rector with neglect to his parish. His personal influence, his hearty sympathy and real kindness are felt and known throughout the length and breadth of it. As for myself," he went on more quietly, smiling a little, "if you can prove that my knowledge of chemistry and my reading make me a worse farmer than my grandfather, we'll say, for example, or that I've ever neglected my work for my books, there will be some justice in your complaint."

Mrs Darby was silenced for a minute, as Edmund's skill in farming had almost become a proverb in the country-side since the management had fallen into his hands; and she was secretly proud of her son, though with strange feminine inconsistency loath to show it.

"Well," she retorted, in a hard tone, "it may be very fine, as you say; but there were no such ways in your grandfather's time, nor in your father's either."

"Mother," he answered, with a short impatient laugh, "how often have I tried to show you that the times don't stand still any more than the earth does, and that a man must move with them if he wants to be abreast of the men of his day—unless indeed he is content to fall out of the ranks and sink into the social condition of an agricultural labourer? If my ways don't please you, mother"—He smiled again and went on—"But I can't be discussing this subject eternally. You might as well ask me to dress myself in skins and adorn my body with woad, or use a bow and arrow instead of a breechloader, as ask me to return to the habits of my grandfather and his times."

So saying, Edmund rose, and, lighting a candle, included mother and aunt in a hasty "good night," and retreated to his own apartment, a small room, half library, half office, where alone, it seemed, he could possess his soul in peace for a time.

"Poor lad!" sighed meek aunt Jane. "You are hard on him, Susannah; and a Darby isn't used to be crossed. I'm afraid to see him so patient with you. It'll end badly for both of you, I'm thinking," she concluded, with a portentous shake of the head.

"Darby or not, I'll speak my mind to my own son, and would if he were twenty times a Darby!" exclaimed her brisk sister in-law. "I was never the woman to be frightened by a cross word or a black look; and I'm sorry for the day his father sent him to Westerdale College, filling his brains with humors and fancies above his proper work. Why doesn't he marry and settle down as a man should, instead of spending his evenings at the Rectory with men and women whose life and ways are none of 'em our ways? It only makes him proud and dissatisfied with his place in life and his belongings too."

"A man must go somewhere for his friends. Maybe it would please you better if Edmund rode over to Westerdale three or four nights in the week and spent his evenings in the billiard-room of the 'Green Dragon,'" rejoined the valorous defender of her absent favorite.

"If you were not blinder than a bat, Jane Beaulands, you would know what I mean, and see the mischief as plainly as I do. I say again, why doesn't the lad settle down instead of hankering after strangers—to his own ruin, as I think?" remarked the shrewd but unsympathetic mother, who had long since divined that, much as Edmund liked the society of the Reverend Arthur Fane, the Rectory held a still greater attraction for him in the shape of Dorothea Wynde, whose dainty refinement and air of exquisite high breeding had drawn a line of demarcation sufficiently obvious between herself and the rustic beauties who filled the church on Sundays with rustling silks and gorgeous colors, by means of which they strove to heighten their decidedly Arcadian charms.

"Poor and proud!" was the laconic verdict on Miss Wynde soon after her first appearance amongst them about two years before. And the inhabitants of the sleepy little village of Erlsmere saw no reasons to change their opinion of the Rector's governess after a more prolonged inspection.

If that young lady was not proud, she was at least dignified and reserved, and had beside so little in common with the Boeotian population about her that she was not likely to find congenial companionship amongst the damsels of Erlsmere—girls who had never left the substantial shelter of the paternal farmstead.

Well-to-do and self-complacent young women, they had never been obliged to leave home and take "situations" in strange places, and could not therefore understand why their noisy and patronising advances to the orphaned step-daughter of a Scotch lord should have been received with such cool unconcern and polite indifference.

And thus it happened that outside the Rectory Dorothea Wynde had few acquaintances and no friends.

Poor gentle aunt Jane made no attempt to reply to the last accusation from Mrs. Darby, but merely returned, with a mild air of resigned protest—

"Poor dear boy! If we don't understand him Susannah, we have much reason to be proud of him. As to settling down, I've no doubt he's remembering to-night what you seem to forget—that to-morrow it will be two years since we lost poor darling Essie."

With these words the gentle little woman's eyes filled with tears; and, gathering up her knitting, she also beat a hasty retreat leaving the common enemy in full possession of the field, but a doubtful victor.

Alas for the inconstancy of men—even the best of them! If his relatives could have penetrated the secret thoughts of Edmund Darby's soul that night, they would have learned that "poor darling Essie's" image held but a secondary place in his memory.

Some seven years previously Esther Beaulands had come to Croft as the girlish bride of her staid cousin Edmund Darby, who was her senior by nearly ten years.

With her the widowed mother had also returned by common consent to take up her abode in the house where she was born and spent a peaceful girlhood; and there, after Essie's death, she still remained, almost as quiet and unobtrusive as the grave old tabby cat who dozed by the parlor fire.

When Edmund Darby married his gentle little cousin Essie, it could scarcely have been called a love-match on either side, the affair had been tacitly arranged so long between the two families.

Esther was the very girl for Edmund's wife—so said his mother; and aunt Jane, as docile and easily led as little Essie herself, agreed to the dictum of her more energetic sister-in-law.

Little by little Edmund had begun to think of Essie with something more than mere cousinly regard.

She was charmingly pretty, with a delicate consumptive prettiness; and the neutral tints of her character made her perforce a contrast to the noisy, buxom lassies of the neighborhood.

Thus Edmund did not find her repugnant, as he did the others, to his more refined taste; and Essie was such a fragile trusting little soul that she appealed strongly to his generous and manly nature for tenderness and protection.

As for Essie, she thought cousin Edmund then, and always up to the last hour of her life, the very ideal and perfection of manhood; and he was indeed infinitely above all those who lived and moved in her narrow sphere.

Thus the pair were wedded; and Edmund Darby brought his bride and her modest dower home to Croft, where henceforth she was merely "Edmund's wife," never the head of the household or the ruler of domestic affairs, for the elder Mrs. Darby was not the woman to abdicate so long as she could contrive by hook or by crook to hold the reins of government; and Essie was far too timid and characterless to strive to oust her from the post; so she submitted, with a little sigh of relief that so much responsibility was taken from her.

For, as her mother-in-law remarked and she herself acknowledged, she would never make a notable housewife; and it was doubtful if Edmund ever perceived the true state of the case.

His mother had always been an excellent manager, and she was never impatient with or unkind to the gentle daughter-in-law she had selected.

Had matters been otherwise than they were, Edmund Darby might have rebelled, and asserted the supremacy of his wife for his own protection.

But there was no necessity; Essie was always content, she had plenty of time for her needlework and the various trifling feminine occupations which serve to divert and amuse an intellectual woman, and she invariably appeared cheerful and smiling when she ran to the garden gate, arrayed in some dainty garment which suited her husband's taste, to give him a loving welcome when he came after a long day on the farm, where he had been immersed in the manifold occupations of an agricultural life.

To whose forethought and care he owed it that his dinner was served punctually and his favorite dishes were prepared he neither knew nor cared to inquire.

In his busy life he had little leisure and less inclination to be curious anent the domestic affairs and general house-management at Croft.

The fact that things went on exactly as he had seen them go on ever since he could remember was, to his masculine mind, an additional proof that all was well, and that the womankind about him had no earthly desires left unfulfilled.

Thus it was that no storms came to ruffle the matrimonial calm of Esther Darby's life and when, in the course of five years, she had borne Edmund two baby-girls, tiny replicas of herself that faded out of existence from sheer lack of vitality within a few months of their becoming acquainted with a troublesome world, Essie began to fade too—so quietly and uncomplainingly that no one ever suspected how strong the instinct of maternal love was in the otherwise characterless woman, or what a bitter crushing grief the loss of the two children had been to her.

Very surely, if slowly, she faded; and almost before any one about her had begun to realise that things were looking serious with Edmund Darby's wife she had passed from their midst and had rejoined her children.

Her death was a great shock to Edmund, and he grieved for her in his own quiet undemonstrative way, though he had long since been fain to admit, in silent communing with his own heart, that, so far as he was concerned, his matrimonial venture had been a total failure.

Yet he had proved a kind—nay, an indulgent husband, and had shown himself tender towards Essie's weakness and inexperience.

And now, when she was laid to rest beside those tiny graves in Erlsmere churchyard, he was glad to remember that his habitual self control had never let one word of complaint or impatience escape him during the five years which had elapsed since he brought his girl-wife home to Croft.

Two peaceful years, with changing seasons of sun and snow had gone by since Edmund Darby became a widower, and no temptation had come to him to change his solitary condition.

Indeed he thought little of contracting a second marriage, despite his mother's hopes and covert hints; and poor aunt Jane was secretly rejoiced because he had not sought a wife to fill her daughter's vacant place, and she fondly imagined that he cherished Essie's image even as she did, and that such unsubstantial visions could fill and satisfy the eager soul and warm heart of a man in the very prime of life.

The simple explanation of his apparent contentment lay in the fact that, as yet, Edmund Darby had not found a woman capable of meeting his natural requirements.

The woman he could love, as he told himself, must be his equal in heart and brain, to complete and make perfect the full summer and autumn of his life; and he was content to wait a while, or perchance finally to seek his fate further afield than Erlsmere.

But dreams of wedded bliss had only a small share in Edmund Darby's active life.

His daily work and the long evenings spent with his scientific friend the Rector had a much stronger and more substantial hold upon his affections, until, in an evil hour for him—as his mother thought—he began to find his ideal realised in Dorothea Wynde.

His straying fancy was first arrested by her utter unlikeness to any woman he had ever met before—a piquant originality which rendered her totally dissimilar and distinct; and by slow degrees he began to recognize her rare charm of manner and a perfection of culture combined with intellectual powers considerably above the feminine average.

She usually talked little; but, when she could, through her own keen interest in the subject under discussion, or by a direct appeal to her, be drawn into conversation, Edmund experienced a new delight in listening to her words, and often found himself at idle times dwelling upon such reminiscences.

The mere tones of her voice lingered in his memory like the echo of a song, and the nameless little graces which made her so specially delightful in Edmund Darby's eyes frequently recurred to him; again and again he pictured the girl's lithe slender shape with the clinging folds of some soft material which formed her dainty gown—Dorothea's dresses, he thought, always fitted her so exquisitely—and her small well-shaped head, with just a hint of pride in its carriage, set so gracefully on the faultless shoulders.

On the evening on which he had declined further discussion with his mother respecting old-time ways he had been speculating as to the possibility of ever bringing Dorothea Wynde to Croft as its mistress.

He was perfectly aware of the difference between poor patient Essie and this wonderful new love that he was absolutely certain there could never be any question then who should reign in the household; he was conscious that by a kind of divine right Dorothea would at once become the supreme head and the lawgiver in any house she entered as a wife.

He knew also that she would accomplish the revolution without an effort, retaining all her gracious serenity quite unruffled in the process.

With his mother it would, he foresaw, be entirely different; and, if she could not rebel, she would follow the example of other disposed rulers, and beat a speedy retreat, though not, he feared in silence.

Indeed it was possible that the elder Mrs. Darby would do her best to make matters exceedingly unpleasant at the outset for a daughter-in-law of whom she did not approve.

"My mother and Dorothea could never understand each other sufficiently to be on terms of affection, or intimacy even," he mused—"not even if Dorothea could, despite the external ruggedness of the mater, see and value all that it is good and sterling in her character.

"Her strong sense of honor, her unusual natural abilities—all this and more Dorothea could appreciate, and forgive the rest. But it would be hopeless to try to overcome my mother's prejudices; a recognition of the difference in caste and culture would be the head and front of the offending. She would even take pains to appear at her worst before Dorothea.

"Her independence and the scant value she sets on externals would render her completely indifferent to the impression she produced."

In this way Edmund Darby caressed the secret idol he had enshrined for himself, and yet from day to day delayed to cross the Rubicon.

Vanity had no place in Edmund's moral nature, and his irresolution arose from two causes, the chief of which was, as he now acknowledged to himself, that, loving Dorothea Wynde with all the passion and intensity of a strong nature which had hitherto suffered from lifelong repression and the failure to find its spiritual counterpart, he dreaded the issue.

His fate now hung upon a word—such a little word!—and, like a desperate gamester who was about to stake his all upon a single throw, he hesitated to speak, and day after day delayed to learn his fate.

Unlike the gilded youth whom he encountered occasionally, Edmund Darby was by no means serenely sure of triumph, nor did he consider himself too irresistible

to be declined by any woman in the full possession of her senses.

On the contrary, he still cherished some old-world notions, and looked up to his divinity as a poor sweet woman of whom he was not worthy, of whom indeed he felt no man was worthy.

But, if she, his queen, could stoop from where she sat enthroned, and give her precious life into his keeping, he would—and here he knew his own strength—show her what a man's deep love and devotion could do in return for that most sacred gift.

It should be at once his pride and his deepest joy to shield her henceforth from the cruel world in which hitherto she had been so desolate and lonely.

Once safe and enshrined in his heart, no care or grief that he could bear in her stead, or ward off should ever assail her.

Yet he delayed!

It was possible, he told himself, that he would receive the fatal answer he so dreaded, and all his insane hope, his foolish joy, became a ruined, broken thing.

But of late, in watching her almost daily, and cherishing the faintest indications which fed his desire, he detected signs that none perhaps save a lover could have noted.

He fancied Dorothea's eyes grew brighter at his coming; and once—nay, more than once—when he spoke, a faint rose-leaf tinge came into her pure cheek; and there had been a slight tremor in her calm voice one day when by chance he met her walking alone.

That meeting he treasured more than all the rest.

A few commonplace words of greeting had been exchanged on either side, in which he, at any rate, had found it hard to be quite natural; and both, as it seemed to him afterwards, had been studiously indifferent in that chance encounter.

Fate decided for Edmund Darby that which he had been so slow to decide for himself.

On paying one of his usual visits to the Rectory, he learned quite casually, in the course of conversation with Mrs. Fane, in which she alluded to her own extreme regret at parting with Miss Wynde, that Dorothea was going away in a couple of weeks.

Going away in a fortnight!

The news momentarily took away his breath.

He had been dreaming on in peaceful security, looking upon Dorothea as almost as much a fixture in Erlsmere as himself.

That illusion was shattered in an instant, and he knew that he must speak now or lose her forever.

There was no more time to waste in idle delay and irresolution.

Edmund Darby bade his host adieu that night at a much earlier hour than he was wont to do usually.

He longed to get away from them all, to be alone, and try to realize that Dorothea was really going to leave Erlsmere, and to think over what he must do and how to make an opportunity for seeing her by herself.

They had been so little together, after all, he reflected, that it might be the height of presumption to dream even that she cared for him.

But it was too late to think of that now, too late to do anything save go forward to meet his doom.

The next thought was how to gain access to her.

Her mornings were not free, and for the rest of the day she was seldom or never alone.

His first idea, that he should go up to the Rectory and boldly demand to see her, was after a moment's consideration, abandoned as totally impracticable.

Then he thought of writing to her. A dozen letters were penned and torn up in quick succession.

None of them suited his fastidious taste, and therefore could not suit hers. He had said too much or too little; his letter was cold, absurdly formal and constrained.

Could such words reveal anything of what he really felt and was breaking his heart to say? Would she guess at all how he loved her from such a poor, inadequate expression of his passion?

He ended by telling himself that he must see her—there was no alternative.

It would be difficult at first to speak, but it would be easier than writing, after all, and he would know his fate so much the sooner.

Once face to face and alone with Dorothea he could tell her all, show her his inmost heart; all the treasure of love and devotion it contained should be poured out before her—hers to take or leave, as she willed it.

The result of this conclusion was that for some days after Edmund heard of Miss Wynde's impending departure his business was sadly neglected.

His work-people seldom saw him after the early morning, and he had suddenly acquired a deep interest in the natural history of the partridge, a branch of science hitherto somewhat slighted by him, for, though he was an excellent shot, he had been an indifferent and careless sportsman, and did not as a rule shoot over his extensive acres more than a dozen times in the whole season.

But now, with his favorite pointer at his heels, as the ostensible excuse for his unusual indolence and this strange departure from his ordinary habits, he sallied forth each day, and seldom returned until dusk, when the contents of his game-bag considerably surprised the astute Mrs. Darby, who was not slow to divine that the partridges had received but a scanty share of Edmund's attention.

Her suspicions would have been still further aroused had she been able to witness her son's peculiar and decidedly unsportsmanlike conduct in pursuit of the game.

If the solitary lanes and broad pasture-lands surrounding the Rectory could have spoken, they would have borne testimony to the remarkable fact that Edmund Darby had loitered there day after day in the most vagabondish and purposeless manner, until he had thoroughly puzzled and disheartened his dog, who perpetually found birds and made dead points at them without exciting the smallest attention from his utterly unreasonable master.

But at length the blind god had pity on this forlorn lover, and brought about the meeting he so ardently desired and yet found so difficult to procure.

Towards sundown on the fourth afternoon of this novel kind of sport, after consulting his watch, he decided to retrace his steps to Croft, and observed to himself—

"She will not come to-day; but I'll take the Rectory lane on my way home, at any rate."

He turned listlessly, his dog following slowly, almost as dispirited as he was himself, when an unexpected vision caused his listlessness to disappear as if by magic, and his heart beat furiously as he quickened his steps and went forward at a swinging pace to meet a tall slender figure which had just emerged from a little gate opening into the lane and was advancing slowly towards him.

And—unlooked-for bliss—Dorothea was alone!

After the first greeting, he turned and strolled at her side, walking now at a pace which surely indicated great languor and fatigue; wherefore Miss Wynde was in a measure compelled to slacken her steps or to appear rude, as the alternative.

"I began to be afraid I should not see you at all before your departure, Miss Wynde," was his first remark, offered in a tone of abject depression.

"Indeed!" she said, smiling, though, in some occult mysterious way, his nervousness and agitation painfully apparent, had communicated themselves to her.

"Well, I hoped you would be able to spare a few minutes from the partridges—some day before the end of next week—just to say good-bye."

"Of course," he answered hastily. "I shall be at the Rectory more than once—lots of times, I hope—before then. But—but—I want you to understand, Miss Wynde, it wasn't merely to say 'good-bye' that I wished to see you—that's a word I never want to say—to you," he added; and then, not waiting for an answer, he went on, and, trying to look into the sweet pale face now so persistently turned from his, poured forth, in a few hurried, impassioned, almost incoherent words, all the burning love and desire which had grown in him day by day during many months.

He did not say a tenth part of what he yearned to say even now; but it was enough.

They were no longer walking side by side unconsciously they had stopped together close by a stile with broken moss-grown steps.

They were standing by it, and Dorothea, still keeping her face turned from him, leaned against it an instant to steady herself before she spoke.

She was so near, so temptingly near him that the impulse to clasp the slender figure in his arms in a fond embrace was almost uncontrollable; but he restrained himself by a desperate effort, and, still looking down upon her, saw that she trembled violently.

"I am grieved," she began, in a low pleading voice—"more grieved for you than I can say. For myself I should feel something worse than grief—the bitterest scorn and contempt—if I could believe I had led you by any fault of mine to feel as you do and to say what you have said to-night. Tell me it was not my fault!" she cried suddenly and passionately, raising her eyes—eyes in which love and anguish were unmistakably mingled.

"It is not your fault that I have been a fool," he answered hoarsely. "You haven't tempted me by a word or a look—unless indeed to be yourself is a temptation to a man. But I have not been answered—at least, I have a right to that!" He paused a moment, then went on, "No—I have no right; but for pity's sake you will speak."

With pleading hands outstretched to him and pleading lips and eyes she answered brokenly—

"You did not know—no one here could know—but I—I have been engaged to my cousin Philip almost five years, and he is coming home from India for me now. Have pity," she continued—"you shall hear everything; it is your right, as you said just now. Forgive me—help me to bear it all!"

A sudden ray of light flashed upon him.

"Dorothea!" he cried; and his tones of love and bitter pain rang in her ears. It was the first time he had ever spoken her dear name, and she felt an exquisite joy in hearing his lips utter it. "Dorothea, my own!"—and in an instant his arms were round her, enfolding her in an embrace so firm that she found it impossible to free herself at once.

Yielding to the passionate impulse of the instant she lay passive in his arms, trembling in their shelter and her heart throbbed wildly with a guilty rapturous joy while he raised her white face to his and impressed long, fervent, passionate kisses on her unresisting lips, murmuring the while broken words of love, anguish and triumph.

For he knew in that brief burning moment that she loved him; but he also knew too well that her noble heart could suffer anything save dishonor and disloyalty, and recognizing this, he felt with an unspeakable despair that Dorothea Wynde would be henceforth as far beyond his reach as the very stars then glimmering coldly above him in the September twilight.

"Unclasp your arms; let me go!" she entreated at last. "Let me go—before this kills me!" she implored, again hiding her face against the blessed shelter she longed to call her own for ever. "Help me, Edmund! Don't make my duty any harder, this barren honor more bitter to bear!" she continued, still pleading. "I can't explain all; but you will understand. The engagement was made before my mother's death. We were both poor; but Philip—he's my cousin, you know—was willing to wait, to do anything, as long as he had my promise; so he went to India with the hope of—of returning some day for his promised wife."

Her listener set his teeth hard, and almost crushed the soft hand he held in a convulsive grasp.

"I can bear the rest—go on!" he muttered.

Then Dorothea continued, gathering courage for his sake as well as for her own while she spoke.

"He has worked and waited these five weary years with this one hope ever before him, his faith in me strong and changeless as the years went on."

"And you—forgive me, Dorothea—you did not share those hopes?"

"I looked to the end with a tranquil pleasure; I fancied—cruel folly!—that I cared for my cousin as much as I was capable of caring for any man; it had been so long a settled thing between us, and——"

"I know, I understand too well," he interposed, with a groan.

"Three months back," she went on, "I received a letter telling me that he could return even sooner than he expected, that he had succeeded beyond his wildest hopes, and was coming to claim his own—the poor prize for which he has worked so earnestly and waited in such single-hearted faith."

A sudden heart-breaking sob burst from her hearer, strong man as he was, and her own heart answered his.

"If it kills me, I'll go on now and tell you all. When that fatal letter came, everything I had striven for months to blind myself to was made hideously clear in an instant. But I thought to bear my sufferings alone. Some kinds of pain are worse to bear if others have to share them," she added.

"And now to-night's chance has made it impossible for either of us to deceive the other or our own hearts."

"But, Edmund"—and her voice was sharp with exceeding pain—"what should I be worth to you? What should I be in my own eyes, if I could betray my cousin at the last hour—even for our love's sake? It would be all too dearly bought—a price, I am bound to think, neither of us would be willing to pay."

"Heaven knows how bitterly true your words are!" he answered gloomily.

She put her hand in his, and said—

"I knew I did not misjudge your noble nature; it makes the parting easier—and yet—more hard to bear! At this bitter last moment I can say, with no touch of shame, how proud I am of the man I may not love!"

He had not moved while she was speaking, and her hand still lay in his; and now big silent tears from the gray eyes he loved so well were falling fast on the strong shapely hand that clasped her own.

"This is the last time we shall ever see each other," he said brokenly; "and this parting is like, but worse than death. He—the other man—will have you for his whole life. Dear, being merely a man and no saint—I can't speak of that now—but you will spare me these last moments—only these; the rest are all his. Think of me alone just now—love me, live for me, one brief minute. You have never kissed me yet, Dorothea," he whispered, after a moment's pause.

For answer she raised her tear-stained face and looked straight into his eyes.

"I love you better than my life—better than anything on earth—save honor; and your own noble soul gives me strength and courage for this bitter duty. This farewell is, as you have said, the very last—for life and for death; and I have no comfort to give other than this."

He took her silently in his arms for a last embrace.

Their love and agony were all too deep for words.

At length Edmund Darby released her, and said, in a low voice—

"Heaven help you, Dorothea—all my life's hope ends to-night. The best you can do for me is to pray that I may never hear your name again."

She did not answer, and turning away, went swiftly down the lane. He remained by the stile, standing as she had left him, his eyes still fixed on the dusky shadows in which Dorothea had disappeared. And thus the remorseless hand of cruel Fate crushed out the brief romance of Edmund Darby's life.

* * * * * *

Mid the tropical scenery of her new home the queenly wife of the celebrated Indian judge is a distinguished and brilliant addition to the Anglo-Indian society in which she moves. It is a proud heart, but a noble one, from which she has resolutely crushed out all, even a thought, that could stain or cloud her husband's honor. But Dorothea Gordon is sometimes glad there are no such September nights in India, with chill autumnal breath laden with the scent of fallen leaves, to remind her of that English lane and the sweet slain love she tells herself she has forgotten.

A WOMAN aged 26 years, who is said to wear a No. 30 shoe, is on exhibition in Boston.

They Rode Away.

BY JULIA A. GODDARD.

IN the year 1724 a daughter and heiress was born to a Welsh Squire of high degree. But her birth cost the life of her mother.

The chimes that had been set a-pealing in the old church tower as soon as the news spread that the infant drew breath, soon changed to the clang of the passing-bell.

All the villagers who were agape with delight one instant, cried "Lord have mercy on her soul" the next, and listened with silent awe as, minute by minute, eighteen solemn warnings fell from the iron tongue of the ruler of the belfry. "Gone! and not yet out of her teens!" cried the people. "What will the Squire do without her?"

The Squire consoled himself.

Scarcely had twelve months rolled away, when the joy-bells pealed forth again, and he brought a second bride to his castle, and a step-mother to his pretty baby, Ermentrude.

Hitherto the child had been the sole joy of his heart, and the light of his lonely mansion; now, a proud and haughty dame ruled him and his dependents.

The new wife looked with jealous eyes on the child of the old. "I will give to my lord a son who shall displace the puling infant," she said; but no son came.

For six weary years the stately lady's jealousy of the little Ermentrude and longing for children of her own lasted: but spite and hope were equally vain.

She alienated the child who would have loved her, and in punishment, God sent to her none of her own. Yet Ermentrude flourished as a flower beneath the fostering care of her nurse.

If she hid herself at the sound of her step-mother's voice, what mattered? she was received in the sheltering arms of her faithful Betto, and consoled by toffee and sugar cakes.

The Squire, her father, was self-indulgent and troubled himself not about such trifling matters.

He had a handsome wife, and heiress, and a wine cellar—what could he want more? one child was enough for him, and his lady was careful not to display before him her antipathy for Ermentrude; so no disquieting suspicions disturbed his frequent potations.

Nevertheless, they were disturbed. An adversary even more fatal than his wine cup overpowered him, and that enemy was Death.

The Squire died suddenly, and the child Ermentrude, at six years of age, was heiress of all his possessions. Save her dowry, the jealous wife had nothing.

Little did Ermentrude realize her position. She scarcely understood the loss she had sustained in her father.

All she knew was, that instead of her step-mother's cold salutations, she was clasped in the arms of a loving uncle, her own mother's brother, who was constituted her guardian.

"What should she know of death?" She looked with terror on her father's white face and rigid form, and piteously asked him to speak to her; she stood at her nursery window while the grand funeral procession wound through the park of which she was now mistress; and she sobbed out her childish grief on her fond nurse's bosom.

But no sympathetic word reached her ear from the haughty lady who remained apart in her solitary chamber.

Scarcely was the father laid in the ancestral vault, before Ermentrude was told that a great change awaited her.

She was to leave the castle and live with her uncle and guardian, the Squire of Plas Gwen, at his place some thirty miles away.

When Mistress Betto said she would accompany her, the child clapped her hands with delight, for had not her uncle embraced her tenderly and vowed that he loved her for her mother's sake?

She paused not to consider whether he might prove a naughty uncle, like him of "The Babes in the Wood," or to enquire concerning his only son, who would inherit the castle if she were to die; she only thought of his kisses and assurances of affection.

Accordingly, preparations were made for her departure. All her childish toys were gathered together.

A warm coat was put upon her Italian greyhound, a baize covering on her canary cage, and she was dressed in her sable hat and plume.

At the last moment, her uncle took her to bid farewell to her father's widow.

She found her in the profoundest of weeds, and shrank from the face, now unsoftened by fair curls, and the severe white cap that surmounted it.

"You will remain here, madam, so long as you may please," said the uncle.

"Ermentrude will live with us till her majority. Her property will accumulate. She will be the greatest heiress in Wales."

"Doubtless you have your schemes, sir. You have an only son," replied the lady.

"Yes, madam. I trust they may fancy one another," was the reply. "I shall hope to return here to complete the affairs when I have committed Ermentrude to my sister's care."

But the child understood nothing of this. She touched her step-mother's cold fingers, made her curtsey, and soon found herself in her own grand coach, drawn by four fine horses.

Neither did she realize, as she left her ancestral home and drove through the fine park, that what she saw was hers.

Her little hand was in her uncle's. Betto sat opposite. Bo-peep, her dog was in her lap, and her canary at her side. She was happy.

She was welcomed to her new abode by her mother's only sister, a stately widow, who lived with her uncle, a widower. Husbands and wives seemed strangely and early separated in her family.

She was introduced to her cousin, a boy a few years her senior, from whom she shrank, as never having been accustomed to children. He, also, eyed her askance, and the commencement of their proposed courtship was not favorable.

Still, they were intended for one another, and their elders nodded and nuzzled at this abyness, and said it would soon wear off. Mistress Betto looked on, and thought the match suitable enough, though she had her ideas concerning an alliance between cousins. "But maybe this one is made in heaven," she soliloquized afterwards.

The boy's name was Aubrey, and he soon became the slave of the imperious little maiden who shared his tasks and sports. He heard she was to be his wife when they were old enough, together with her vast estates, and he was nothing loth.

She, too, was made to understand that they were intended for one another.

"Thou shalt not have me or my lands," she used to say; and to her nurse she would add: "In sooth Aubrey is a milksop, and I love him not. Besides, he is my cousin, and thou knowest, Betto, that I cannot marry one so near of kin."

This, as she grew up to maidenhood.

"It progresses well, mayer," whispered her uncle, aside.

"It is as it should be," replied Dame Dorothy, the aunt.

They were a cold and diplomatic pair. But Aubrey was, as Ermentrude declared, a milksop.

He was but a vain and silly youth, and not one to win the heart of a high-spirited girl, such as she.

There was, however, a neighboring knight who sometimes came to the Plas, whose secret suit sped better.

Guardians, like love, are often blind, and the Squire bethought himself not that a maiden scarcely yet fifteen would be forward enough to fancy a man of one-and-twenty, or that his neighbor, Sir Tudor ap Griffith, would fall in love with a child. Yet so it was.

"I am going to the castle to-morrow to see after thy property, Ermentrude," said the nurse, one morning.

"I shall be absent two days. Aubrey will take care of thee and of Aunt Dorothy."

"I am fifteen, and can take care of myself, sir," replied the young lady, with a saucy curtsey.

"Besides, it is I who must take care of Aubrey. He has not the spirit of a mouse."

"Yes, child; thou hast the greater courage, as should be, seeing that when you two are wed, thine will be the larger inheritance."

"And when is that to come to pass?" asked Ermentrude, gravely.

"When thou art grown to womanhood, I reckon, in a year or so, or maybe sooner," responded the uncle.

Ermentrude made him a profound reverence as he stood before her, and a naughty little mouse he turned his back.

Then she hastened to her nurse and bade her take a holiday.

"Thou shalt order Shon, the groom, to saddle my mare, and thou shalt ride behind him on my pillion to Castell Coch, and thou shalt take a note from me to Sir Tudor ap Griffith, and thou shalt await his answer," were the damsel's hasty orders.

"To Castell Coch! It is over twenty good miles!" cried Betto, uplifting her hands.

"Ah! but though must do it, for thou knowest that I will never wed my cousin Aubrey, for he is a foolish fellow, and I love a man of mettle. Sir Tudor will order what is best, and thou must be quick. He told me what to do when uncle went from home, and thou art my only confidante."

Ermentrude threw her arms round her nurse, who had never thwarted her; and no sooner had the Squire departed, than Shon, groom, with Betto on a pillion at his back, was trotting off in the direction of Castell Coch.

"I have given her a holiday, and may be she will not be back to-night," explained Ermentrude.

"Thou takest too much upon thee, child," replied Dame Dorothy.

"I am no longer a child, ma'am," returned Ermentrude, offended.

"We will be grand when we are of age to wed," put in Aubrey.

Ermentrude passed a restless day. No Betto appeared.

But Sue and Shon returned the following day and brought with them a missive, from Sir Tudor Ap Griffith.

"Meet me to-morrow morning at seven of the clock beneath Llewellen's Oak," it ran, and Ermentrude was in a mighty flutter at the prospect of so soon seeing her lover.

"My bones ache with forty miles on horseback," pleaded Mistress Betto. "I can never be up and abroad so early."

"Then I go alone," replied the imperious maiden.

Little sleep visited her eyes that night, and she was astir with the songe-birds at early dawn.

She felt blithe as they, and would have sung as cheerily had she not feared to be heard.

She aroused her nurse, who, despite her stiffened limbs, arose and did her bidding.

Long ere the big clock struck seven, they were away to the woods.

Never before was such a bright May morning.

Ermentrude danced through blue bells and hyacinths and anemones—by hawthorn and cherry-blossom and fern-frond—beneath larch and oak and sapon.

Earth was alight with dew drops through which the sunbeams pierced, and lights and shadows played at hide and seek in each forest glade.

The birds warbled so lustily that the very sky and air seemed alive with melody, and all nature held jubilee to greet the glad child and her knightly lover.

"How slow thou art, Betto. We shall not reach the oak in time," cried Ermentrude.

"I am repenting of my ride of yesterday," answered the nurse.

"Fie, Betto! But I see him! And he wears his gayest suit to meet me," laughed Ermentrude, clapping her hands and running forwards. "Nay, but a stranger is with him," she added, pausing and frowning.

Beneath a gigantic oak stood a gallant youth, clad in the velvet and lace of the period.

He advanced to meet her, and kneeling on the dewy sod, respectfully kissed her hand.

"I have brought the priest and the ring," he said.

"But what will my guardian say?" asked Ermentrude, charmed, yet terrified.

"What matters it? Come quickly, and let us be married, or he will wed you to Aubrey."

Betto began to remonstrate, but the youth led the scarcely reluctant maiden to Llewellen's Oak, where stood a priestly form in full canonicals, prayer book in hand.

"A fine church, truly, and a grand choir," laughed Ermentrude, as she sat first on the soft moss beneath the big oak, and heard the birds caroling in the huge branches.

What would she know of matrimony? She loved Sir Tudor with all her heart, and would obey him in all things; so she stood with him, half amused, half frightened, before the priest, and the marriage service began.

But she sobered as she listened, and would have stayed it half-way, had not her fiery bridegroom urged her on.

Still, she smiled as he placed the ring on her finger, and wept a little when they knelt together to receive the benediction and exhortation of the facile priest.

It was easier to get married in those days than these.

But scarcely was the solemn service ended when she suddenly jumped up, exclaiming, "The bell! The bell!" and without further ceremony took to her heels, followed by her faithful nurse.

"By my troth it is a fine thing to be married," she exclaimed, as they reached the Plas just as the big breakfast bell ceased to inform the world that it was eight o'clock.

"Where hast thou been, child? Thy dress is disarranged and damp, thy hair dishevelled?" said Aunt Dorothy.

"To the woods to hear the birds sing," she replied, holding down her head, abashed.

Meanwhile Sir Tudor and his reverent parson had mounted their horses and ridden off, setting the bells of all the village churches a ringing as they went.

"For the marriage of Sir Tudor Ap Griffith with the beautiful Ermentrude of Castell Mawr," he explained, as he scattered gold pieces among bell-ringers and sextons.

And still the young bride thought within herself, "It is a fine thing to be married."

But when her uncle returned at midday, she wondered if, after all, that golden circlet which she wore on her finger had quite transformed the world into paradise.

"What means this, niece?" he asked, severely. "The church bells are not ageing everywhere, and they tell me it is for the marriage of Sir Tudor Ap Griffith and my kinswoman, Ermentrude Tudorne."

"And so it is, uncle," upspoke the bride. "We were married this morning."

"Married, you young minx!" cried her uncle seizing her by the arm and shaking her. "Who taught thee to tell lies to thy elders?"

"They are not lies, for see the ring," she cried bravely; believing that the sight of it would pacify her uncle.

But he stamped with rage, and dragged the dauntless maiden to her chamber, calling her many naughty names as they went, and threatening vengeance.

"Thou mayst imprison, but thou canst not unmarry me," she said," when he loosened his grasp.

"I can and I will!" he cried, leaving her to her reflections, as he locked her into her solitary chamber. Then he sought the trembling Betto, and turned her unceremoniously out of the house. Truly he was in a furious passion. And scarcely less furious was his son, Aubrey. He loved his cousin a little, and her broad acres more. So he had made common cause with his father, and they rode off to the notaries to see what could be done.

Ermentrude had plenty of time for reflection.

She remained in solitary state a whole weary week.

No Aunt Dorothy! No Betto! Only her uncle, followed at meal times by her aunt's maid; for although in durance, she was not doomed to bread and water.

"Thou shalt be free as soon as thou promisest to release him who has deceived thee in a sham marriage, and to take as thy husband thy cousin Aubrey, to whom thou art betrothed."

"I am not betrothed to Aubrey, and will not wed him," Ermentrude, said bravely.

"And I, as thy guardian, swear thou shalt not have that false Sir Tudor, who has wheedled thee forth to this sham bridal."

"Heigh ho! I would I were of age," sighed Ermentrude.

But her courage did not flinch.

She beguiled the time as best she might with her pets, her embroidery, and her few books, reading with unusual persistence those of devotion.

Especially did she peruse daily the marriage service as set forth in the book of common prayer.

This encouraged her to resistance, inasmuch as she believed she was lawfully wed.

She even kept up her spirits by song, and her favorite ditty was the song of Lovelace to Althea.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty."

She did not pause to reflect whether her mind was "innocent and quiet," but the verse consoled her.

On the seventh morning from that of her woodland bridal, she was looking out of her window in, it must be confessed, a melancholy mood.

From her apartment she could see a vast expanse of country, for her uncle's house stood high.

Many times a day, if not quite all day long, she had gazed on a certain turnpike road that wound through wood and mead down below, and had repeated aloud, as if to some invisible friend, the words of Blue Beard's imprisoned wife:

"Sister Ann, Sister Ann, do you see anybody coming?"

"But nobody had appeared save her cousin Aubrey.

He managed to be always in sight; but she took no heed of his signals and vagaries.

On this seventh morning, however, she perceived a troop of twenty horsemen galloping furiously.

In front was one who led by the bridle a milk-white steed, which was riderless.

"It is! it must be!" she cried, breathlessly, gazing until the cavalcade was out of sight.

Then she was conscious of a strange commotion in and without the house.

She did not know that her uncle kept all his servants ready armed, or that he and Aubrey were also armed.

But the twenty horsemen suddenly reappeared, tearing up the drive.

She perceived that the white horse bore a lady's saddle, and that he who led the men was Sir Tudor Ap Griffith.

Instantly she waved a white scarf towards him, and he kissed his hand in return.

"What will be next?" she ejaculated.

What happened next she could not see: but it was highly melo-dramatic.

The twenty horsemen were met at the threshold of the Squire's door by twelve armed retainers.

But Sir Tudor was worth them all.

Jumping from his horse, he seized on the inimitable uncle, presented a pistol at his throat, and exclaimed:

"My bride, or your life!"

Such conduct, and the sight of the nineteen followers, cowed the domestics, and caused Aubrey to run away.

Ermentrude was right.

He was but a milksop indeed! Moreover, her uncle was compelled to deliver up the key.

Betto unexpectedly appeared and led the gallant spouse to his imprisoned bride.

The nurse, it had been, who, being ignominiously expelled, had managed to communicate with Sir Tudor, and thus been the means of the present adventure.

"I knew you would come," cried Ermentrude, clapping her hands as Sir Tudor entered.

But it was not into his arms she threw herself but into those of her faithful nurse, from whom she had never before been separated.

Sir Tudor, however, soon enfolded her in his, with the words, "My wife! my dear wife!" and carried her off triumphantly.

"Declare our marriage, parson," he recited, as he hastened down the great staircase, followed by Betto.

A smooth-faced priest, one of the furious riders, advanced to the discomfited Squire, and announced that he had married them by "book and bell," under the greenwood tree.

"Poltroons! robbers, villains all!" cried the Squire. "Aubrey, come, assert thyself!" But Aubrey was nowhere to be seen.

"Good-bye, uncle; good-bye, Aunt Dorothy. Then will come after us, Betto," cried Ermentrude, when she was seated by her bridegroom on the white palfrey.

And so the story goes, "They loved and they rode away."

LIFE'S real heroes and heroines are those who bear their own burdens bravely and give a helping hand to those around them.

In the Interest of Suffering Humanity.

We call attention to the Compound Oxygen Treatment which is taken by simple inhalation, and which acts directly upon the weakened nerve centres and vital organs, restoring them to their normal activity. Its operations are all in the line of physiological laws and forces, and it cures by giving to nature her true and healthy control in the human organism. Thousands of most wonderful cures have been made during the last thirteen years. If you are in need of such a treatment, write to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, to send you such documents and reports of cases as will enable you to judge for yourself as to its efficacy in your own case.

TRIED FOR HIS LIFE.

A GREAT criminal trial may be likened to a great drama. Each of the opposing lawyers strives to make a certain impression on the twelve spectators in the jury-box, while the judge presides to see that all is done according to the rules of law.

One such trial took place in Kentucky some twenty years ago. The lawyer for the prisoner was a great orator. The successful way in which he put the evidence for the defence, and the power of a single sentence, are both exhibited in the following narrative of the trial:—

Currie was an eccentric old man, who coupled the profession of schoolmaster with that of "herb doctor." One night, Currie's wife being taken violently ill, he gave her what he took to be calomel, but which proved to be arsenic. In the morning she was a corpse.

Alarmed at what he had done, the old man locked up his cabin and fled the neighborhood. A week later, and Currie was indicted for murder.

Marshall, believing him innocent of any wrong intent, volunteered to defend him. The only witness called for the defence was Dr. Cornett, a well-known physician.

Mr. Marshall, without any preliminary questions, handed him two little papers carefully folded, and asked him to inform the jury of their contents.

The physician took the papers, adjusted his spectacles, and carefully examined the contents. Not satisfied with this, he took a little of each substance, sifted them between his thumb and forefinger, smelt them, and, as a final test, tasted the least bit of each.

"I think, sir, this is arsenic and that calomel," said he.

"That is sufficient, Dr. Cornett," said Mr. Marshall.

The prosecution had nothing to ask.

This closed the evidence, and Mr. Marshall, bowing to the court, and turning to the jury, thus addressed them:—

"Your honor, and gentlemen of the jury, you have noticed to the absence of proof showing any criminal intent. Now if, in the board light of day, and aided by the delicate sense of touch, and of taste and of sight, Dr. Cornett, learned in his profession and skilled in the use of drugs, decides with difficulty, and with some considerable show of uncertainty, which is the poison and which is the calomel, what can you expect of this poor old man, called from his bed at night, his nerves unstrung with fear, his heart aching for a wife shaken with a deadly fever, his eyes dimmed with age, his mind overcome with dread? Take him away and hang him, if your consciences will allow you!"

The effect was instantaneous and complete. Currie was acquitted.

FAMOUS OLD MAIDS.—Elizabeth of England's rule over Great Britain certainly comprised the most brilliant literary age of the English-speaking people. Her political acumen was put to as severe tests as that of any other ruler the world ever saw.

Maria Edgeworth was an old maid. It was this woman's writings that first suggested the thought of writing similarly to Sir Walter Scott. Her brain might well be called the mother of the Waverley novels.

Jane Porter lived and died an old maid. The children of her busy brain were "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and "The Scottish Chiefs," which have moved the hearts of millions with excitement and tears.

Joanna Baillie, poet and play-writer, was one of 'em.

Florence Nightingale, most gracious lady, heroine of many a war hospital has to the present writton Miss before her name. The man who should marry her might well crave to take the name of Nightingale.

A WOMAN, together with her child, journeyed from Ireland lately to Eagle Pass, W. T., to join her husband, and within a short distance of her destination, met a wagon with a dead body coming down the road. The woman inquired whose body it was, and was horrified to find that it was that of her husband, who had died a few hours before from typhoid fever.

The Increase of Insanity.

Boston supports 800 insane, says Mr. T. B. Sanborn, not 75 of whom will recover!

This is frightful! Insanity has increased 40 per cent in a decade and most of the cases are incurable. Whatever the individual cause may be, the fact remains that Uric Acid blood sets the brain on fire, destroys its tissues, and then comes some form of fatal insanity.

Nothing is so portable as a mind diseased. Most brain troubles begin in the stomach; then if the blood is filled with uric acid, caused by failure of kidney action, and the consequent destruction of the blood, [illegible] you have the fuel and the flame and a brain in full blaze as when one raves or is now combative, as in milder forms of insanity. Rev. E. D. Hopkins, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., a few years ago was confined in an asylum. He took a terrible cold while aiding in putting out a fire in a neighbor's burning house, and for twenty-five years that cold was slowly filling his blood with uric acid and finally the deadly work was done. The case looked hopeless but he happily used Warner's safe cure and recovered. That was three years ago and having taken his last bottle of all surplus uric acid, he has remained well until this day.

It is indeed a terrible thing to lose one's mind, but it is a more terrible thing to suffer such a condition when it can be so easily prevented.

Our Young Folks.

KIT'S TOURNAMENT.

BY PIPKIN.

PERHAPS! perhaps! perhaps! he's a prince in disguise. What a fellow you are, Graham! It's all those stories. I wish the library was anywhere, sometimes. Now it's all 'Ivanhoe' and 'chivalry,' till I'm quite tired of it."

"I never said he was anything, Johnstone. I only said you had no business to call him a 'low fellow.' All I do say is, it was awfully good of him to bring the bat up here to ask if any of us had lost one. You saw how frightened he was of us."

"Well, he might have kept the boat himself."

"He wouldn't do that. He's too much of a gentleman, Johnstone."

"Not that I can see. Didn't he take your shilling?"

"Did you see how red he got, though? I expect he wanted it."

"Wanted it! ha! ha!" and Johnstone laughed derisively. "Of course he did. Anybody could take you in."

The color flew into the younger boy's face as he shouted:

"I say the fellow's a gentleman—I defy you to your face."

"And I say he is not a gentleman, Mr. Crusader."

"Hullo! What's the row? What's up?" shouted three or four boys, as they ran up to where Johnstone and Graham were standing.

"Nothing to speak of. It's only Kit Graham in a role of heroics again. I'm sure I hardly know what it's all about," drawled Johnstone.

"You do know just what it's about. You insulted the fellow—grinning at him like an ape. I saw you."

"Well, what is it?" shouted Piers, one of the prefects—"explain."

Graham held out a bat.

"I lost this yesterday afternoon. A fellow found it, and brought it around here to see if it belonged to one of us—a little chap—and frightened of us he was," added the boy.

"And Graham gave him a shilling," broke in Johnstone. "And I say he isn't a gentleman, or he wouldn't have taken it. Besides, he doesn't look like—"

"He does!" shouted Graham. "I suppose I know what a gentleman is. I defy you to prove that he isn't!"

And in a minute Johnstone would have felt something stronger than words, but the tall form of Piers was between them in an instant.

"Let's have a tournament. That's in your line, Graham, isn't it? The rain's coming on, so we'll get the fellows into the cloisters, and have a regular pitched battle—Graham against Johnstone."

"A tournament—a tournament!"

"What weapons?" shouted another boy to Piers.

"Canes," was the brief response.

"What for horses, Piers?"

"Strong fellows," was the reply.

"When?"

"Don't bother."

"But when shall it be?"

"Ten minutes' time."

* * * * * *

The tournament was "very jolly," and such a lovely excitement for a wet, dismal afternoon!

The cloisters ran round the west wing of the school buildings, and were a regular resource on a day really too wet for outdoor games.

Piers and one or two of the other prefects entered into the fun, and managed it in the most correct fashion. There were heralds, who shouted:

"Oyez! oyez! oyez! The brave and valiant knight Sir Christopher declares that a youth unknown, who restored to him certain properties, is of gentle blood.

"The brave and valiant knight Sir Charles declares the said youth to be of low birth. Sir Christopher hereby defies him to his face, and will now do battle with him. Brave and valiant knights, do your— I say, what is it?" said the herald, in a loud whisper. "I haven't got the jargon all right; I know I haven't. Some one get me a book."

Piers shook his head.

"That must do now."

"Say 'devoir,' whispered one boy.

"'Duty,'" said another.

"Brave and valiant knights, to your devoir, and please excuse mistakes, as this kind of conversation is out of my—"

"I say, shut up, do!" shouted one of the horses. "This is such a heavy chap that I've got on my back!"

The herald dashed down an old glove between the combatants, and then shouted out:

"There lies his glove. It's rather mouldy, but it's the best I could find."

"Shut up, will you?" shouted horse No. 2, or I shall kick."

The horses behaved fearfully after about the first two minutes.

Finding it fatiguing to stand while their rather weighty riders buffeted one another with their caps, they suddenly darted off with them, one horse taking one way round the cloisters, his opponent the other, then dashing back again, and coming to the charge furiously.

The boys laughed and cheered. Graham kept his temper, and laughed good-humoredly, but it was evident that Johnstone's control over his temper was gone.

A tremendous blow unseated Graham, and he and his horse went rolling together on the pavement.

"Now yield, or die!" shouted Johnstone, jumping off his horse, and rushing on Graham.

"Never!" was the answer.

And Graham, notwithstanding Johnstone's efforts to keep him down, was up and wrestling with him in a moment.

For a few seconds the victory seemed uncertain, and then Johnstone, giving Christopher one of his terrible blows, heedless of a warning shout from Piers of, "That's enough of it! Stop that, Johnstone," had the satisfaction of seeing his adversary fall very heavily.

He was just stooping over Graham, with, "Yield or die!" when the firm grip of Piers was on his shoulder, and a stern voice in his ear, saying, "What do you mean by disobeying my orders? Out of the cloister this minute!"

"I've won!" cried Johnstone, in a loud voice.

"You've won nothing. I watched you. You were unfair throughout. You know our rules. You spoil our games with your temper. You'll understand you must obey a prefect, sir; and the sooner the better."

Piers had dragged Johnstone some distance from Graham, and had been so occupied with him and his breach of prefectorial discipline, that he had not heeded Graham's condition.

A small boy catching hold of him made him turn.

"Oh, Piers, do come! The big fellows can't get Graham to open his eyes!"

In a minute Piers was by Christopher's side.

"Bring water, quick, and call Mr. Grafton. He has struck his head in falling."

The master was there in a few seconds, and soon they had the great relief of seeing the boy's eyes open.

He was but stunned for a minute or two, and consciousness returned almost immediately. He looked about rather wildly, saying:

"Where am I? What is it all about?" Then remembering, he cried, "did I win, Piers? Is the fellow a gentleman?"

"Drawn battle," said Piers. "Johnstone disobeyed orders, and was unfair. His knocking you over didn't count."

"Don't talk any more, Graham," said Mr. Grafton. "Go to the infirmary and lie down. I'll come and see you."

"Oh, I'm quite well now, sir," said Graham, getting up and shaking himself. "It's only this stupid giddiness." And up went his hand to his head.

"That's quite enough," remarked Mr. Grafton. "Do as you're told. Sewell, see him up."

And, with the help of Sewell's arm, off went Christopher.

"No Piers, said Mr. Grafton, seeing Piers about to follow. "Please give an account of this affair."

Piers gave it, softening off Johnstone's share in it a little, and adding:

"You can leave him to us, sir. He has disobeyed orders, and he will have to feel it for a time."

Mr. Grafton could not forbear a smile, as he said:

"All right. I fancy I can tell Graham something about this very boy whose champion he has become."

A few days later Graham said to Piers: "Mr. Grafton saw that boy—my boy, I mean—in a shop the afternoon of the tournament buying grapes, saying they must be nice, as boy were for some one very ill. And he paid a shilling for them. That was what he wanted the shilling for, you see."

"And Mr. Grafton said he noticed his voice shook when he spoke of the person who wanted the grapes being very ill."

* * * * * *

Old General Graham was at breakfast at Sefton Court, with his kind old sister at the head of his table.

"What's this?" he said, as he opened a letter directed in a large schoolboy hand. "The young rascal! Just listen, Susan. Cornought to have been an eldest son—that's what I say. He'll carry all before him. Writes as if he knew it, too, the young beggar!

"'Dear Grandfather, you've heaps of fruit in the hothouses, I know. Now you'll do what I want, won't you? Send a hamper of nice fruit and things to a poor sick fellow at Sandcliffe—at least, I mean the fellow's father, not the fellow. He's a nice little chap, with a sick father; a gentleman and they're very poor. Direct, "B. Edmonds, Esquire, Sandcliffe. With Gen. Graham's compts.." like you say when you send presents. Now do, there's a dear grandfather. I'm top of my form. Your loving Christopher.'

"There, Susan. I suppose he must have it. See to packing a hamper. Send some fowls, and eggs, and things. Fruit isn't much if they're poor."

"Well, I'm sure," said Aunt Susan, "a more generous-hearted, unselfish little fellow never—"

"Ah! but you must remember," said the old general, with a short laugh, "it's my fruit and fowls, after all!"

* * * * * *

A boy in a dreadful peril on a sandbank, where he had waded at low water to find treasures, and had stayed too long.

The sandbank fast disappearing, as the tide came rapidly in. Between him and the shore a great rolling sea! It was a half-holiday, and several of the boys had gone to the beach.

But Charles Johnstone, for it was he, had gone out of bounds, as it was called, to a lonely part prohibited to any of the whole school.

"I can't swim! And they won't see me, and I shall be drowned."

And with a bitter cry the boy held out his hands, as if to entreat for help.

Oh, joy! he was seen! Seen by two boys on the cliff. But could they ever reach him in time?

Christopher and Piers were down on the beach quicker than any one could have thought possible, and were stripping to swim, when a hand was laid on Christopher's arm.

"Not you. I can swim like a duck. I'll go with you, sir," he said to the tall prefect. Christopher, in his agony of anxiety, hardly recognized the boy for whose sake he had fought in the tournament.

"Run and fetch a sailor and a boat, and push out after us," he shouted to Chris as he swam off.

Piers was a good swimmer, and had won many a prize, but from his inmost soul went up a humble and hearty thanksgiving as a boat swiftly pulled by Chris and a strong sailor reached the sandbank as he clutched Johnstone, and the last strip of shining sand disappeared.

His hold on him would have have been lost if it had not been for little Edmonds, who seized him almost at the same time.

"Well, that there was a plucky swim!" said the sailor. "And I can tell you, my young gent," he said to poor Johnstone, "you wouldn't have been here now if it hadn't been for these here fine chaps. I know you," he said, touching his cap to Piers, "but this here," clapping his hand on Edmonds' shoulder, "is the pluckiest little un I ever set eyes on. But row away, row for your life, sir!" turning to Christopher; "they've had a dreadful wetting."

Later on Christopher had the satisfaction of seeing the master bring in Edmonds to the school, and all the boys crowd round to shake hands with him. He said to him, when Edmonds, rather abashed at his reception, took refuge by him—"Why wouldn't you let me swim out? I'm older and bigger. Though I could never," he added surveying the slight figure of the young boy at his side, "have done what you did."

"It's nothing. It comes natural. I've always been used to it. And I would never have let you," said Edmonds, with emphasis. "You"—and he raised his dark eyes to Christopher's face with a look that went to the boy's heart—"you have done you don't know what. I know who that hamper came from. The doctor says good food will save my father's life."

THE MAKING OF SOAP.—Soap is a compound formed by the union of an oily substance and alkali. Soaps are of two kinds, hard and soft, differing from each other in the materials used in their manufacture, and in the uses to which they are applied, the latter kind chiefly is used in cleansing of stuffs and silks. Hard soaps are made from animal fats, or vegetable fat. Oil soaps are invariably harder than potash soaps, when the oleaginous substance is the same. Soap purifies only by virtue of its alkali part of which combines with the greasy matter to be removed by washing.

The soda is chiefly obtained from the decomposition of sea salt, the lye being frequently made with the unpurified soda in the state of black-ash. The potash is obtained by calcinizing wood ashes.

The principal oily ingredients are tallow or animal fat, and palm-oil, which is obtained from the fruit of the oil palm, a native of the west coast of Africa, where it is extensively cultivated; this trade which has rapidly increased, is considered one of the most important auxiliaries in the reduction of the slave-trade formerly carried on to so large an extent on this coast. Olive oil, whale, seal, and cod oil are also used in smaller quantities a portion of resin is put into yellow soap.

When the soap is properly formed, the lye is carefully separated from it, and then it is removed in buckets, to the "frame room," where it is poured into large frames which are like bins, their sides being bolted together. Here the pasty mass is stirred or raked about with a little water to make the grain finer and more equable, and it is then allowed to solidify; when it is quite firm the frame is unbolted and taken off, and a block of soap remains, which is cut up into bars and stowed away to dry. Soft soaps are made in a similar manner, only the exhausted lyes are not pumped off. The soaps always contain half their weight of water: hard soaps may be reckoned to contain one part alkali, nine parts greasy matter, and five or six parts water.

The whole quantity of tallow or oil intended to be used is put into the soap-pan (a large iron boiler) at once, but the alkali is supplied at several successive times, the exhausted lyes being pumped out and fresh ones added; a quantity of salt is put into the pan when it is desired to separate the soap from the lye in which it is suspended. Two or three boilings are usually given to it for as many successive days.

ABOUT HEALTH KEEPING.—By strict attention to the general laws relating to health many persons may pass through the worst epidemic without an attack of the disease who, by neglecting such precautions, would equally suffer with others. The object of each individual should be to preserve himself in the best possible state of general health. For this purpose it is not necessary or proper that he should make any great change from his ordinary habits of life. All those causes which are known to make extraordinary draughts on the nerve-centres of organic life should be carefully avoided, while all means adapted to impart increased vigor to those centres should be equally cultivated.

THE children of Israel now number about 6,577,000 the world over.

A FASHION IN BREAD.

YEARS ago there was war between the Turks and the Austrians, the city of Vienna was for weeks surrounded by armies, so that it was impossible to go outside for provisions, and the supply inside was fast failing. Of course, the people were in despair, famine stared them in the face, and certain death if they fell into the hands of the Turks. Prayers were offered daily in the churches that they might be delivered from the terrible fate which seemed to await them, and the Heavenly Father, whose ear is ever open to the cries of His children, heard their prayers and answered it in this way:

There lived in Vienna a Christian baker whose trade in times of peace was small, but sufficient to support his family comfortably. One day the baker was down in the cellar kneading the dough which was to be made into bread for the morrow, when his attention was attracted by a slight noise which seemed to be in the cellar and to come and go at regular intervals.

He stopped to listen, and presently traced the sound to a corner where a drum belonging to one of his boys was standing, and on its head a few marbles were rolling about and producing the noise he had heard. Thinking this very strange, as the house and street were very still and quiet, the baker stood and watched the drum, and every few minutes it would vibrate and the marbles rattle upon it. He put his ear to the ground and heard something that sounded very much like distant hammering, and watching the drum he noticed that at each tap the marbles would rattle.

After a great deal of wonder as to the cause of the taps, it suddenly flashed upon him that they were the steady blows of a pickaxe, and that the Turks were trying to undermine the city. To fly at once to the authorities and give the alarm was his next movement, but, strange to say, he had great difficulty in getting them to listen to or believe him, but in some way or other his story was repeated to the general in command in the city, and an investigation was ordered. The baker's suspicion was found to be correct, and his prompt information enabled the Austrians to construct a counter-mine, which was fired and exploded, and the Turks thus put to flight and the city saved.

When peace was quite restored, the baker was sent for and taken before the Emperor, who said: "Under God, my worthy friend, we owe our deliverance to you, what shall be your reward?" "Your Majesty," said the baker, "I am not fit for riches or rank, and I want neither; but grant me the privilege of making my bread in the form of that crescent which has so long been our terror so that it may be a reminder to those who eat it that the God of the Christians is greater than the god of the Infidels." So the Imperial order was issued granting the baker and his descendants the sole right to make their bread in the shape of the Turkish crescent, and called them rolls.

OLD AGE.—A medical man compares an old man to an old wagon, with light loading and careful usage it will last for years but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it and ruin it for ever. Many people reach the age of fifty or sixty or seventy measurably free from most of the pains and infirmities of age, cheery in heart and sound in health, ripe in wisdom and experience, with sympathies mellowed by age, and with reasonable prospects and opportunities for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time. Let such persons be thankful; but let them also be careful.

An old constitution is like an old bone, broken with ease, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale, an old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard lift, an hour of heating work, an evening of exposure to rain or damp, a severe chill, an excess of food, the unusual indulgence of an appetite or passion a sudden fit of anger an improper dose of medicine—any of these or other similar things may cut off a valuable life in an hour, and leave the fair hopes of usefulness and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck.

IN THE FAR WEST.—This is how an accomplished society-reporter on a Dakota paper gives its readers an idea of a soiree, with a description of the costumes worn by the ladies of the party—"Mary Monroe, red frock, white sash, and hair bunched; Emma Latrobe, yellow dress and high-heeled slippers; Marion Willoughby, some kind of thin stuff white, and tied up with blue tape, and hair frizzled. Jennie Murchison, black clothes and a feather in her hair; Ella Waxford, red hair and gray suit, flat in front and stuck out behind. Pauline Tasley, bigger'n a tub, and dressed to the top branch—she had a velvet outfit a mile long and sixteen rows of teeth on her gloves—her hair was a dead yellow, tied up like a bun, and had a lot of vegetables in it; Florence Ross, green dress, flipped with velvet, and bolsted up at the side with a white check-rein; Minnie Hammersley, white network with red streak, waltzed with a limp, and hair frescoed."

EVERYTHING that has been learned in youth, and everything that we learn day by day, can be converted into power that shall make us better parents and children, better brothers and sisters, better neighbors and citizens, better men and women, if only vitalized and brought into living activity by character and will.

SUNDER.

BY R. W.

We dwell together, you and I,
The same in outward seeming
As when we first, in years gone by,
Saw Hymen's torches gleaming.
No open jar, no passing strife,
Disturbs our level courses,
But yet we feel the springs of life
Are poisoned at their sources.

The courteous smile, the pleasant speech,
When others gather near us;
The lengthening silence, each with each,
When none are by to hear us;
The furtive watch and covert sneer,
Sharp jests, in earnest spoken:
All these have meaning full and clear,
Though peace may seem unbroken.

Our idols lie amid the dust
In thousand fragments shattered,
And faith and quiet, truth and trust,
For evermore are scattered.
So day by day, unheard, unseen,
Still grows the barrier stronger;
A sombre shadow sweeps between,
And love is ours no longer.

"The little rift within the lute"
Will mar the song's completeness;
"The little speck within the fruit"
Will kill its bloom and sweetness.
In skies that seem to others bright
We hear the muttering thunder;
No hidden doubt shall leap to light,
And part our lives asunder.

HALLOWEEN.

From the earliest times men have been trying to look ahead. The ancient Egyptians had oracles where their gods were supposed to answer the questions of men by dreams and other ways; the ancient Greeks also had famous oracles, which people came from far-off lands to consult; the Romans killed certain fowls or animals, and guessed at the future by the looks of their internal organs; the Hebrews and the Babylonians had their own peculiar ways of finding out what was to happen.

The world has not yet outgrown the longing to look ahead. The Hindoo to-day sets a lamp afloat on his sacred river, and judges of the future by the length of time it burns; the Chinaman consults his "wise men," who pretend to understand signs; the ignorant African takes notice of the cries of birds and animals; the Americans—not long ago—tried to learn by help of what they call "witches;" and spiritualists even now believe the predictions of a "medium."

No serious attempt to look into the future has been made for a long time by intelligent people, and the old customs have become a frolicsome trying of "charms," especially on one night of the year. It is curious enough that the night selected is the eve of the festival of All Saints, which was established in the seventh century by a pope of Rome, in honor of all the saints, who had no particular day assigned to them.

The Romans brought this festival to England; there it became All Hallows, and the evening before it Hallow-even, or Hallowe'en; and that was the night sacred to charms and games.

In the seventeenth century England gave up the night to feasting and frolicking. Nuts and apples were plentiful from one end of the island to the other, and "Nut-crack Night" was the name given to it.

In England, and thence to this country, the revels were for fun, such as diving for apples in a tub of water, and of course getting very wet; or trying to snatch in the teeth an apple on one end of a stick, which had a lighted candle at the other end, and, being hung by a string, could be spun around very fast, so that the players often seized the candle instead of the fruit; or a playful fortune-telling by naming nuts, roasting them before the fire, and watching their conduct while heating—whether they burned steadily or bounced away, or burst with a noise, each movement of the charmed nut being of great importance.

One nut test was tried by grinding and mixing together a walnut, hazelnut, and nutmeg, making into pills, with butter and sugar, and swallowing them on going to bed. Wonderful dreams would follow, which was not surprising.

In superstitious Scotland the night was given entirely to serious and sometimes frightful attempts to peer into the future by means of charms.

One way of trying fortune was to throw a ball of blue yarn out of a window and wind it into a ball again from the other end. Near the last something would hold it fast, when the winder must ask, "Who holds?" The answer would name one who was to have importance in the questioner's future.

Another Scotch custom was "pulling kale-stalks." A young person went blindfolded into the garden, pulled up the first kale or cabbage-stalk he touched, and carried it into the house. The whole future was read from that stalk; the size indicated the stature of the future partner in life; the quality of earth at the roots showed the amount of his or her fortune; the taste of the pith told what the temper would be; and when the stalk was placed over the door, the first name of the person entering was the fated name.

The island of Lewes, on the coast of Scotland, had some curious customs. Young women made a "dumb cake," and baked it before the fire, with certain ceremonies, and in perfect silence, expecting to see wonders; and the people also sacrificed to a sea-god called Shong, throwing a cup of ale into the sea, and calling on him to give them plenty of sea-weed to enrich their grounds.

In another Scotch trial a girl would go into a barn, holding a winnowing-sieve, and stand alone, with both doors open, to see her fate.

The fashion of trying charms is now nearly outgrown among the English-speaking people. It survives in America as a pleasant frolic for a social gathering. In our own day, young people "sow hemp-seed," "eat apples before the glass," "go down the cellar stairs backwards," holding a candle and a mirror. They also "pop chestnuts," "launch walnut shells," holding tapers, and try the "three-saucer" test of the future.

In some of our cities the boys on Hallowe'en collect old tea-kettles, boots, large stones, etc., and deposit them in clean vestibules. They then ring the door-bell and run away.

Thus, the 31st of October, set apart by a pope as a religious festival, became, in superstitious times, "The Witches' Night;" crossed the ocean as a season for frolics, and ends with a street-boy's joke.

Grains of Gold.

Walk as if you were conscious that your body has a soul in it.

If a life will bear examination in every hour of it, it is pure, indeed.

Never forget that your rheumatism is not a matter of national concern.

He who strives after a long and pleasant term of life, must seek to attain continual equanimity.

"We never see a tear in the eye," says a celebrated writer, "but we are reminded of a warm heart."

Whatever else we neglect, let us keep up the habit of communion with God. Prayer is the key of the position.

After a tongue has once got the knack of lying, it is not to be imagined how almost impossible it is to reclaim it.

The most cross-grained are by no means the worst of mankind; or the humblest in station the least polished in feeling.

Ten thousand of the greatest faults in our neighbors are of less consequence to us than one of the smallest in ourselves.

God in the beginning held a flaming mass of eternity in his red right-hand, while every spark that flew from it made a world.

Soft words may appease an angry man—bitter words never will. Would you throw fuel on a house in flames in order to extinguish the fire?

The apprehension of evil is many times worse than the evil itself; and the ill a man fears he shall suffer, he suffers in the very fear of them.

If there is a right thing to be done, and we seem to pass through a wrong thing on our way to it, depend upon it, there's another way to it, and a better one.

Conversion means quitting your meanness, and going to work in the good cause. Repentance means a turning away from your detriment. Faith means doing your duty.

Many people resemble the soldier who wastes his shots in picket-fire. Easily aroused to anger, they go off at the slightest provocation, and when a crisis comes where ammunition is needed, there is none left to meet the demand.

Keep your eyes turned inward upon yourself, and beware of judging others. In judging others a man labors to no purpose, commonly errs, and easily sins; but in examining and judging himself, he is always wisely and usefully employed.

A man's mind may be aroused by another, but he must mould his own character. What if a man fails in one thing? Let him try again—he must quarry his own nature. Let him try hard, and try again, for he does not know what he can do till he tries.

The way to argue down a vice is not to tell lies about it—to say that it has no attractions, when everybody knows that it has—but rather to let it make out its case just as it certainly will in the moment of temptation, and then meet it with the weapons furnished by the Divine armory.

Femininities.

The hour for "5 o'clock tea" in Paris is 9 P. M.

Perfect machinery works noiselessly; so does a perfect hostess.

No less than 18,061 young women are at college in this country.

Elaborate monograms and gorgeous crests on stationery are vulgar.

Lady Randolph Churchill is said to disapprove of woman suffrage.

An eye with a tear in it is a new ornament to the Egyptian bangle.

"Bridesmaids let out by the day," is the legend on a Parisian signboard.

A "servant girls' college" is the Western term for a cooking school for servants.

A married lady should treat a stranger with reserve, an acquaintance with reticence.

San Francisco inelegantly styles women who speculate in mining stocks, "mud hens."

A woman and a fiddle are a good deal alike. They always come out strongest when there's a beau about.

A new lace pin has a wasp as a substitute for the spider of the last two seasons. He is beautifully hideous.

In London, recently, Mrs. Mackey, the millionaire's wife, gave a dinner at which the guests ate from golden dishes.

Two bumble-bees chased a pretty young woman at Albany, Ga., a few days ago, and stung her so severely upon the neck that she became delirious.

Mrs. Eva Watson, of Greensburg, Ind., wants a divorce from her husband because he sealed her lips with court plaster in order to stop her from talking.

An anxious inquirer asks: "Where would you advise me to go and learn to play the piano?" To the woods, dear; the deep, dark, damp, dusky, dangerous woods.

There are thirteen widows living on one street about 320 yards long, in Camden. The city authorities propose to put up at each end of the street a sign, "Dangerous Passing."

An American girl, traveling in India, got hot water with which to mix a morning toddy, by stepping, mug in hand, to the locomotive, and serenely seeking it of the astounded stoker.

Bride (just graduated from college)—"Sarah, have you made the bread?" Sarah—"Yes, mum." Bride (looking in pan)—"Oh, this is it! But, Sarah, you must soon place it on the ice. See, it is melted."

Mrs. Brown (in country postoffice): "Any letters for me this morning?" Postmistress—"Nothing but a postal-card, Mrs. Brown. I see your daughter expects to start for home some day next week."

Yale's pioneer girl is Miss Alice B. Jordan, of Coldwater, Mich. Miss Jordan, who is best upon perfecting her legal education, is said to be the first lady to enter any department of Yale excepting the art school.

"What does the parable of the seven wise and the seven foolish virgins teach us?" asked a lady who was teaching a class in the Sunday-school. "That we should always be on the lookout for a bridegroom," replied one of the smallest girls in the class.

A warning to mothers who do a similar thing, should be the experience of an Elberton, Ga., woman, who, having locked her three children in the house and gone out, found, on returning, that her home had caught fire, and the trio of little ones burned to death.

Murray Hill, N. Y., belles now import their costumes from Japan, and hold Mikado receptions. One unique costume on private exhibition consists of blue velvet embossed with crystallized designs of lilies of the valley, and a skirt of shrimp pink satin set on in zig-zag fashion.

Woman, Heaven bless her bright eyes, can make roses bloom in the desert, and when so minded she can give to the most commonplace affairs of life rather much of a rainbow look, but to save her eyes she can't use a pen without getting ink on her fingers any more than she can remember the day of the month.

Young housekeeper—"I bought three or four hams here a couple of months ago, and they were very poor. Have you got any more like them?" Grocer—"Yes, ma'am, there are ten of those hams hanging up there." "Are you sure they are all off the same pig?" "Yes, ma'am." "Then I'll take three of them."

The aristocrat of the ladies league of Paris is Mme. Marcel. This champion of her sex is of an ancient Spanish house, which has a title to the crown of Spain. Her father and first husband were counts. To prove her sincerity as a reformer she married a workman, whom she calls, in speaking of him, "le compagnon," or journeyman, Marcel.

Mrs. Fresh—"Won't you please favor us with a song, Miss Porterhouse?" Miss Porterhouse—"Really, Mrs. Fresh, I am in very poor voice to-night, and I fear I cannot give satisfaction." Mrs. Fresh—"Oh, never mind that. Everybody is so dull to-night, and I have noticed that singing will always start conversation. No one will listen to you at all."

A twelve-year old Dakota girl, taken up into the air by a cyclone, carried out of sight, and brought easily down in a field a quarter of a mile away, describes her sensation while in transit as that of being rapid, and constantly being pricked by thousands of needles. Since her experience she has been affected similar to a person with St. Vitus' dance.

The King of Italy has been growing gray with such rapidity that his anxious Queen is reported lately to have procured him a case of toilet preparations. The next morning Her Majesty's favorite white spaniel had become a bright apple green. "I was experimenting," said the King; "to-morrow I will try another kind on your parroquet." The King is now grayer than ever.

Masculinities.

A gentleman will never admit that he has maladies—in conversation.

A preacher who shook hands with an Illinois girl, broke her arm.

In his last year the late Earl of Dysart kept his face hidden from mankind.

Observe, in making introductions, always to present the gentleman to the lady.

A man became insane in Cesna, Cal., a few weeks ago while serving on a jury.

The farmer is the most independent man in the world—when his wife is away from home.

A reporter who tried to interview the King of the Belgians was bowed out of the room.

"Listen to your wife," says a medical advertisement. What terrible remedies they do get now-a-days.

It is strange that men will talk of miracles, revelations, inspirations, and the like, as things past, while love remains.

It was the saying of Sir Robert Peel, "I never knew a man to escape failure, in either body or mind, who worked seven days in the week."

An old regulation at Yale is that a student shall lift his hat at a distance of ten rods from the president, eight from a professor, and five from a tutor.

A Maryland man recently committed suicide because his wife went to a ball arrayed in a Mother Hubbard dress. Some men are too particular to live.

Orthneal Gager, of Norwich, has been elected town clerk for the forty-seventh consecutive time, receiving the unanimous vote of the town. He is 87 years old.

While a Chicago police magistrate was administering a severe lecture to a ten-year-old newsgirl, arrested for vagrancy, the culprit stole his silk handkerchief.

Bachelorism is becoming more popular in France. In 1870 the single men numbered 180 per 1,000 inhabitants, while this year they are found to be in the proportion of 224 to the 1,000.

The immediate delivery system inaugurated by the postoffice department, will not hasten such letters as careless husbands carry in their pockets three or four days before mailing.

An exchange says that "married life should be a sweet and harmonious song, like one of Mendelssohn's 'without words.'" But wives are not chosen from deaf and dumb asylums always.

Hope long deferred has been the portion of a man who writes to an exchange that he has invested $1 a month regularly in a certain lottery for the past five years, without drawing a thing but blanks.

A Jersey City man is under bonds to answer the charge of marrying his mother-in-law, who, in another branch of the same proceeding, is charged with bigamy, growing out of the marriage with her son-in-law.

"If you should allow me $14 a week on which to run the house," she said, as they sat together in the twilight, "and I saved $1 per week out of that, what would you say?" "Say? Why, I'd say you ought to run it on 'leven," he growled, as he lighted the gas.

Landlady's daughter—"I hope we didn't disturb you last night, Mr. Baldpate, with our music in the parlor. But Herr Limburger does sing so divinely!" Good-natured old bachelor (several story back)—"Lord bless you, no. You can make all the racket you like."

"I hear you are going into the manufacture of white lead, Mr. Bassett—is it so?" "Yes, I am. I think there is money in it." "I should say so. I was in the business myself once." "Then there is money in it?" "I am sure of it. I invested about $30,000 in the scheme ten years ago, and it is there yet."

Mr. Le Jones—"Quite a distinguished company, is it not?" Mr. Forcine (the host)—"Oh, yes, all the notables of the city are here—all friends of mine, you know." Mr. Le Jones—"But I do not see your father and mother present." Mr. Forcine—"Oh, well, hang it all, we must draw the line somewhere!"

A French Canadian farmer in the Chaudiere region, Quebec, concluded that as there was little to do, and his family was in good health, it would be a good idea to run the small-pox through it. So he hitched up, went to a neighboring village and got it. Result—three children dead, and a fourth one insane for life.

"Speaking of narrow escapes," observed the major, "a Wisconsin man was recently shot through the heart. He had, fortunately, however, just lost his heart to a girl, and escaped without an injury; but the girl died instantly. You see," continued the major, "she had given her heart a short time before the shot was fired."

"Oh, yes," said madam, after the usual domestic racket had got itself well under way, "oh, yes, you gentlemen want your wives to be angels!" "Not at all," replied Mr. Pusenbury, wiping the dishwater from his head and face, "not at all; we don't want them to be angels at all—we want them to be ladies." And then the row began all over again.

"Will you have a piece of pie, Mr. Goodman?" asked Bobby's mother of the minister. "Thanks, no," he replied. "Will you, Bobby?" she inquired. "N-no, I guess not," said Bobby, rather hesitatingly. The minister looked at Bobby in surprise. "I thought all boys were fond of pie," he said. "They are," replied Bobby. "I could eat that hull pie; but ma said if you didn't take any I mustn't, and she'd save it till to-morrer."

It was at a ball, and the subject under discussion was vanity. A lady maintained that men were also somewhat given to vanity. "The men are ten times more vain than the ladies," she remarked. "That's impossible," said several gentlemen. The subject changed, and a few minutes later the lady remarked: "The handsomest man in the room has a spot on his white vest." Whereupon, every gentleman within hearing glanced down, with a scared expression of countenance, at his vest.

High and Low.

BY R. PEYTON WARD.

"JOHN," said young Lord Robert Tamworth, with a trembling voice, coming hastily into the cottage of John Thaxter, a superannuated servant of his father's: "I think if I needed your help, you would aid me?"

"Bless you, your lordship, you know that I would; but you must be jesting. You say this to try me?" he added, while, at the same time, the pallid hue of Lord Robert's face showed the old man that no slight emotion was agitating him.

In as few words as possible the youth told him his trouble; and, while blaming him for a grave error into which he had not only fallen himself, but had led a young and innocent girl, who had received his loving protestations as the certain prelude to marriage, John was touched also by his passionate grief and repentance.

He had come to ask if John and his sister had love enough for him to conceal and aid the unhappy girl until he could devise means of gaining his father's (the Earl's) consent to a marriage which he earnestly wished to contract.

"But your father?" interposed John; for he well knew that Lord Fairleigh was one of those men who look upon honest working people as inferior to themselves, and would consider it a degredation to be connected with humble people, even by marriage. "Your father?"

"I know—I know," said his listener, turning still paler. "But, at all events, Muriel shall not be disgraced before the world. If you and Martha will hide and succor her, until I can bring something to bear upon our present wretched situation, I will bless you for ever? She is now outside in the carriage."

He wrung John's hand as he spoke; and the kind-hearted man could not refuse to lay the case before his sister, and urge her to consent.

Meantime, the voice of a soft weeping from the carriage had reached the window where Martha sat, and touched her loving and affectionate heart.

She had hastened out, opened the carriage door, and was now soothing the sweet-looking girl, who clung to her in an agony of shame and grief.

The brother and sister had already recognized in the inmate of the carriage a seamstress whom the housekeeper at the Hall had recommended to the late Countess, and who had remained after her mistress's death in the same capacity as when she was living.

She was very young and very beautiful. Artless as a child, she believed all that the youthful Robert had said to her, and had sunk into the deepest sorrow when she learnt that his promises to her could not be fulfilled until he was of age. To do him justice, Robert was fully resolved to make her his wife.

He prefered her simple, artless manner to the bold and hackneyed ways of many in his own station of life.

He loved her fondly and devotedly; and waited with impatience to demonstrate it to the world.

If his father would consent, he would marry her at once—if not, heaven and earth, he vowed, should not separate them when he was free by law to do so.

The result of his entreaties was, that Muriel Warden was established in the best chamber of the cottage, and surrounded by every luxury.

"One thing, my lord," said John, at parting, "one thing I must stipulate for; and that is your entire absence from this house while this young girl remains with us."

The young lord's look was reproachful, and his voice was almost angry, as he remonstrated against this very proper arrangement.

"Very well, my lord," said John. "You can take her elsewhere, unless you agree."

He was only too glad to comply; but claimed the privilege of writing to her, and of sending little comforts and luxuries.

"I will abide by your judgment, John, until I get through this miserable affair. I will not see Muriel again, unless you consent; and I will try to gain courage to confess it to my father, and trust to his honor and generosity to permit me to make what restitution I am able to make to my poor unfortunate girl."

"Right, my lord, right! Now you talk reasonably. Do so, and I believe you will succeed beyond your expectations. You have ruined this poor girl, and you ought to be compelled by the law of the land to marry her. Let your confession be made speedily," he added, solemnly, as if a prophetic spirit breathed through his words; "do not leave it until to-morrow. That may never come to you."

The Earl was absent when Lord Robert returned home; and when he arrived, his son was raving in the delirium of a brain fever.

"Muriel! Muriel!"

The name mingled with his raving incessantly; but little did the Earl imagine that it was the poor seamstress, whose beauty had often attracted his eye, as she sat, modest and quiet, in his wife's apartment. And even when his Robert, his darling son, died with her name on his lips, he strove to think of some rich lady whose love perhaps he had failed to win.

The whole was a mystery which he could not solve; and when he found himself desolated by this last sorrow, he forgot the despairing cry that had come from those severed lips, in the torpor that succeeded.

* * * * * *

On the very night in which Lord Robert breathed his last, his child was born in the cottage of John and Martha Thaxter.

Sweet and patient, Muriel became in Martha's eyes only the suffering being whose sin was forgiven because she "loved much."

When Muriel was restored to health, she went to the Hall, with her little babe in her arms.

She was still very beautiful. Her face and hands—all that her widow's close morning garb did not hide—were pale and white as marble.

A stray curl or two of brown, shining hair found its way from beneath the black bonnet.

Suddenly Muriel's gaze fell upon her left hand, and the consciousness that no marriage ring graced its whiteness brought a blush to her cheek. She hastily slid on her glove.

Her cheek resumed its pale hue when she went through a little wicket gate, at which she had often met her lover; a tear sprang to the eyes which she had thought had long ago shed all their tears.

She lifted the knocker with a trembling hand. She was thankful that a strange footman opened the door.

She asked to see the Earl; and the servant bade her sit down in a small ante-room adjoining the library where she knew she should see his lordship.

She heard him ask who she was, and heard the man's answer, "A young woman; a lady, I should say." Muriel's gentle dignity and simplicity had not been without its effect upon the footman.

There was a pause; then his lordship asked if she were alone.

"She has a child, my lord. She looks very sad, and is dressed in mourning."

The Earl glanced down at his own black garments, and said, "Let her come in. She cannot be more sad than myself; and on this day, of all others, I would pity the unhappy and, if possible I would relieve them."

Almost cheered by the words, Muriel followed the footman, her slight, fragile figure moving slowly and silently, until she stood near the Earl. He gazed at her, wonderingly; then dismissed the footman, and bade her sit down.

She answered by stepping close to him, and, to his surprise, but not annoyance, put the beautiful babe in his arms, struggling all the while to speak, but could not command her voice.

"I see," he said, at last, "you are a widow. Can I assist you in any way?"

The babe nestled close to his bosom; and Muriel, gathering courage, answered, "I have, indeed, lost my all."

Then she told her tale, and held out her arms for the child.

"You must not take her away again," said the Earl, haughtily. "She is Robert's child," he said, "I will keep her always."

"Yes, my lord, she is Robert's child, but she is also mine. Would you have me forsake my child? Oh, why did I come here?"

"Young woman, would you require it of me to take my son's mistress into my home, to make myself the scoff of the world? I tell you I will grant what you came for—I will protect and adopt your child. I believe your story."

Her child was taken from her, and for a week after she returned home she lay as if in a dream—a trance. Then she roused herself up to work.

* * * * *

Lord Fairleigh died. That was the only tidings that had ever seemed to affect Muriel since she left her child in his hands. Now she should be her child's mother once more. Twelve years since her eyes had looked upon her, and now she would be hers again.

Poor mistaken heart! Was the punishment to end only with thy life?

Lord Fairleigh's pride had reached even beyond the grave. He had made little Muriel rich, and had consigned her to the care of a guardian, but she was never to behold her mother!

"One look at your daughter I will grant you, if you will promise not to speak or attract her attention," said the guardian.

It was all that the agonized mother could extort from him, and she promised. Arm-in-arm with her child's guardian, she paced the long library where the beautiful young girl, now just fourteen, was sitting at her studies.

Oh, heaven! her own child, and must she not speak to her?

No! she was the daughter of an aristocrat, and was to be watched and kept out of all harm's way.

This child was not a poor seamstress, at the mercy of every *debauche* that entered the house.

Poor, helpless work-girls! when will your richer sisters give you more consideration and protection? When will the law hold out its arm to defend you?

"The lady is faint, sir," said the sweet voice of the girl, as she rushed to her side, clasped her in her arms, conducted her to a couch, and removed the close bonnet from the rich hair that fell down in luxuriant masses over a brow and cheeks as beautiful though not so rosy as her own.

The guardian was thunderstruck at his own thoughtlessness. He would have sent the young girl away but she would not go. She had the Fairleighs' proud, somewhat obstinate way, and she would restore the fainting lady, who, shocked, on recovery, to find that she had unconsciously betrayed the trust reposed in her, voluntarily took the arm of her conductor, and left the room.

Stay! she did not entirely leave that apartment thus.

Heaven forbid that inhumanity should have such despotic sway in this Christian land as that such a separation as this between mother and child would now be permitted!

Nature is more powerful than a lord, and nature (when that mother found that her child was being taken away from her for ever) forced her to reveal her maternity.

She ran back, she took the lovely child by both hand, she kissed them; she looked into her sweet eyes, and commanding the man fiercely to stand aside, told her offspring sufficient to make her understand they were robbing her of a mother's love and care.

With a cry of gladness, the artless girl fell upon the weeping woman's bosom. The guardian stormed and raved, but all to no avail.

Ethelburta—they had given her an honest Saxon name—would not leave her mother, and Muriel was fain to remain.

The guardian, who was a bachelor, settled the difficulty afterwards by marrying Muriel himself; and as he was neither old nor ugly it was the best thing that could have been done under the circumstances.

Ethelburta is now a duchess, and no one suspects that the Honorable Muriel Fitzclarence, one of the prettiest and most ladylike women that drive in the Row, is her mother.

"VULGAR ERRORS."—Sir T. Browne wrote about "vulgar errors," as he called them; but the errors respecting the animal and vegetable worlds, which were current all through the Middle Ages, were just the reverse of vulgar—they were scholarly. They came of the habit, against which Lord Bacon was never tired of crying out, of accepting things on authority. If Aristotle or Pliny had said it, it must be true; and so monk after monk copied it out and put it into his treatise, though to test it would have been to refute it, and the means of testing were close at hand. This method of taking things on trust was the bane of true philosophy.

It came down to quite modern times: and, despite Bacon's insisting on experiment, there will always be a great many folks who would rather argue for an hour than spend five minutes in trying whether a thing is really so. Charles the Second knew human nature when he proposed the impudent question:—"How is it that, if you slip a live fish into a brimming bowl of water no water is spilled, whereas if the fish is dead the water runs over?" The Royal Society had lately been founded and the learned pundits went at the royal problem with a will. Some thought the air in the live fish prevented displacement; some gave one reason, some another, and it was a long time before one of them thought of trying, and found at once that the Merry Monarch had been hoaxing them.

"Authority" decided everything, not in matters theological only. Aristotle knew what he was writing about; and, even if Aristotle's dictum had been shown to be contrary to facts, the reply of the mediæval scholar would have been:—"So much the worse for the facts." Pliny, the great Roman naturalist, took every word of Aristotle on trust, and added to him a heap of stories which he had got from friends, and had picked up during his official circuits in North Italy. He was the most indefatigable of folk-lorists.

Whenever he met any one who had a story, he would stop his litter, and write it down from the man's mouth, though the weather was sometimes so cold that he had to wear thick gloves to keep his fingers from being frost-bitten. A good, kindly man he was; as was also his nephew, the younger Pliny, who endowed a free school in his native town, and left money to furnish marriage portions for deserving maidens, and tried to avoid bringing the law to bear on the Christians; but the elder, at any rate, must often have been cheated if he listened as unquestioningly to tales of distress as he did to travellers' stories.

THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—Dr. Buckland one day gave a dinner, after dissecting a Mississippi alligator, having asked a good many of the most distinguished of his classes to dine with him. His house and all his establishment were in good style and taste. His guests congregated; the dinner-table showed splendidly with glass, china, and plate, and the meal commenced with excellent soup.

"How do you like the soup?" he asked.

"Very good indeed," answered the other. "Turtle, is it not? I only ask because I do not find any green fat."

The Doctor shook his head.

"I think it has somewhat of a musky taste," said another; "not unpleasant, but peculiar."

"All alligators have," replied Buckland; "the cayman peculiarly so. The fellow whom I dissected this morning, and whom you have just been eating——"

There was a general rout of the whole guests. Every one turned pale. Half a dozen started up from the table. Two or three of them ran out of the room and vomited; and only those who had stout stomachs remained to the close of an excellent entertainment.

"See what imagination is!" said Buckland. "If I told them it was turtle, or terrapin, or bird's-nest soup, salt water amphibia or fresh, or the gluten of a fish from the maw of a sea-bird, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion been none the worse. Such is prejudice!"

"But was it really an alligator?" asked a lady.

"As good a calf's head as ever wore a coronet," answered Buckland.

Don't allow the accumulation of Scurf or Dandruff, when it can be so easily prevented by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor.

BELOW THE EQUATOR.

THROUGHOUT South America all the dentists and nearly all the photographers are emigrants from the United States, and if there is any one among them who isn't getting rich he has nobody but himself to find fault with, because the natives give both professions plenty to do.

Nowhere in the world is so large an amount of confectionery consumed in proportion to the population as in Spanish America, and, as a natural consequence, the teeth of the people require a great deal of attention. As a usual thing Spaniards have good teeth, as they always have beautiful eyes, and are very particular in keeping them in a condition. Hence the dentists are kept busy, and as they charge twice as much as they do in the United States, the profits are very large.

In these countries it is the custom to serve sweetments at every meal—dulces, as they are called—preserved fruits of the richest sort, jellies, and confections of every variety and description. Many of these are made by the nuns in the convents, and are sold to the public either through the confectionery stores or by private application.

A South American housewife, instead of ordering jams and preserves and jellies from her grocer, or putting up a supply in her own kitchen during the fruit season, patronizes the nuns, and gets a better article at a lower price.

At a dinner party not long ago, dessert was brought in in a novel form. A tray which appeared to be filled with hard boiled eggs was placed before the hostess, who gave each guest a couple, and poured over them a sort of a syrup or dressing. In a strange country the tourist is always on the lookout for odd things, but this seemed to cap the climax—hard-boiled eggs at a swell dinner party for dessert. But it soon was discovered that the white of this bogus egg was blanc mange, and the yolk was made of quince jelly, egg shells being used for moulds. This was an idea of the nuns, and one of their ingenious fixings.

The photographers as well as the dentists are Americans, and have all they can do. The Spanish-American belle has her photograph taken every time she gets a new dress, and that is very often. The Paris styles reach there as soon as they do the North American cities, and where the national costumes are not still worn, there is a great deal of elaborate dressing. The Argentine Republic is the only country in which photographs of ladies are not sold in the shops. Elsewhere there is a craze for portraits of reigning beauties, and the young men have their rooms filled with photographs of the girls they admire, taken in all sorts of costumes and attitudes.

For Instant Use

As a reliable remedy, in cases of Croup, Whooping Cough, or sudden Colds, and for the prompt relief and cure of throat and lung diseases, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. E. G. Edgerly, Council Bluffs, Iowa, writes: "I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy for home use. I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults." John H. Stoddard, Petersburg, Va., writes: "I have never found a medicine equal to

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral

for the prompt relief of throat and lung diseases peculiar to children. I consider it an absolute cure for all such affections, and am never without it in the house." Mrs. L. E. Herman, 187 Mercer st., Jersey City, writes: "I have always found Ayer's Cherry Pectoral useful in my family." B. T. Johnson, Mt. Savage, Md., writes: "For the speedy cure of sudden Colds, and for the relief of children afflicted with Croup, I have never found anything equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is the most potent of all the remedies I have ever used." W. H. Stickler, Terre Haute, Ind., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured my wife of a severe lung affection, supposed to be Quick Consumption. We now regard the Pectoral as a household necessity." E. M. Breckenridge, Brainerd, Minn., writes: "I am subject to Bronchitis, and, wherever I go, am always sure to have a bottle of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

with me. It is without a rival for the cure of bronchial affections."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

For sale by all Druggists.

Recent Book Issues.

"Immortality Inherent in Nature," by Warren Sumner Barlow, author of "The Voices" and other poems. 12mo, extra cloth, full gilt, 60c. New York, Fowler & Wells Co., Publishers, 753 Broadway. This is a poem of some forty pages treating of the title. It is very well written as poetry, and contains much good, beautiful and healthy thought. For sale by Lippincott, this city.

"For a Woman," by Nora Perry is sure to be welcomed by those who look upon simplicity and naturalness as commendable features in a novel. The story introduces but few characters, little description and not much incident. So much however of these elements as are admitted are of the best. The scene lies in a camping out in the woods of Maine with a subsequent transfer to Italy, and the plot turns mainly upon the growing love passages of John Rushton and Helen Wainwright, both charming personages. The dramatic tone is given the book by the former being guilty of an unintentional murder, and expiating this in nobility and spirit of sacrifice under all. The tale is not only pleasant, but healthful and helpful, and higher praise could scarce be given. Beautifully printed and bound. Price $1.00. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by Lippincott.

"Heads and Faces, How to Study Them," octavo, pp. 185, paper, 188 illustrations. Price, 40 cents. Fowler & Wells Co., Publishers, 753 Broadway, New York. This book, written by Nelson Sizer, one of the oldest and best known character readers in America, and Dr. H. S. Drayton, Editor of the *Phrenological Journal* is an endeavor to present the subject of human character and to study it. There are nearly two hundred illustrations, exhibiting a great variety of faces, human and animal. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Cassell's Family Magazine for November is at hand. The frontispiece illustrates a poem, A First Love Making, and Alice O'Hanlon's serial, A Diamond in the Rough, opens the reading matter. This is followed by, That Dreadful Examination, by Barbara Foxley. This is illustrated with a portrait of a, Sweet Girl Graduate. In a paper called, What Fixes My Wages, the interesting subject of supply and demand is discussed. The Sun's Crown, is the scientific paper of the number, and, Lace Making at Home, the domestic. The Family Doctor, discusses an ailment that is quite common in these days of rush and push, Brain Weariness, and give some excellent advice for its relief. Granada to Valencia, Third Class; is a lively description of a trip between the places named in the title. The Paris Correspondent gives the usual important information from the fashion centre and tells us of all that is new in fall stuffs. The rest of the magazine, except the pages devoted to the Practical Gatherer, are filled with stories, both long and short, and poetry and music. Cassell & Company, New York.

Among the articles in *Lippincott's Magazine* for November, the one which is likely to receive most attention has for its subject, Queen Anne or Free Classic Architecture, by George C. Mason, Jr. The subject is treated with fulness under its threefold aspect, historical, instructive, and æsthetic. Another article full of solid and interesting information is on, The Peabody Museum of American Archæology, by Ernest Ingersoll, who has had the assistance in preparing it of Mr. F. W. Putnam, who has charge of the institution. A North River Ferry, by F. N. Zabriskie; Nos Penates, which is unsigned; and, The Art of Reading, by Grace H. Peirce, are lighter but suggestive sketches; while Van, by Captain Charles King, U. S. A., is an admirably painted study of animal life. The fiction includes the second and concluding part of, The Lady Lawyer's First Client, by Thomas Wharton; A Random Shot, by C. W. Wilmerding; and, A Backwoods Romance, by S. H. Swett. There is the usual variety of poems, short papers, and editorial matter. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Phila.

The contents of the November number of the *North American Review* show a number of prominent names, as follows: Progress of Democracy in Europe, by Senor Emilio Castelar; Recollections and Letters of Grant, by Admiral Ammen; Slang in America, by Walt Whitman; Statecraft and Priestcraft, by Rev. Philip Schaff, D. D.; Abraham Lincoln in Illinois, by Elihu B. Washburne; United Bulgaria, by Eugene Schuyler; Race Prejudice, by Gail Hamilton; A Letter to the People of the United States on Their Character as Employers, by James Parton; Shall Silver be Demonetized? a symposium by ex-Senator E. P. Hill of Colorado, Hon. Alexander Delmar of California, and Hon. Wm. N. Phillips of Kansas. The Notes and Comments are furnished by Rev. Mr. Beecher, Senor M. Romero, G. Humphreys and J. B. Jeancourt, and there is an anonymous article entitled Style and the Monument. Allen Thorndike Rice, editor and proprietor, New York.

A curious incident in the Bulgarian revolution is the formation of a Bulgarian legion of women and girls; who have asked to be armed, and have volunteered to fight if the country be attacked.

Philosophers say that affairs should always be conducted with a view to the greatest good of the greatest number. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has demonstrated itself to be of the greatest good to the greatest number of sufferers.

Humorous.

A SEASIDE IDYL.

She was a pretty lassie,
And he was a jaunty lad;
They sat upon the seashore,
And they watched the breakers glad.

He whispered to her softly,
As he looked down in her eyes;
And her cheeks were turned to crimson,
Like the tint of sunset skies.

And they kept it up all Summer,
And each gossip wagged her head,
And but that in the Winter
These two would surely wed.

But they didn't; for the lady
Whom the lad wed months before
Came down and yanked her husband
By the ear from off the shore—
And he sat there nevermore.

—W. J. H.

A cold spell—I-c-e.

Nothing tries the sole of a man more than a shoe-peg.

One who takes lots of interest in his business—The pawnbroker.

It's a brave chiropodist who stoops to corncure by extracting a proud woman's scorn.

And now Chicago claims that pork is a brain food, being a product of thousands of Western pens.

What is the difference between truth and eggs? Truth crushed to earth will rise again. Eggs won't.

In a bedroom furnishing, as in life, it will be found that the greater the "sham," the bigger the "spread."

A New York paper says: "There are over forty thousand families in Glasgow, Scotland, living in one room."

A man has struck a large fortune by a recent discovery. He feeds his cowson live hens, and the cows turn out egg-nogs.

"Johnny, if you want to become a big man, you must eat more strong food." Johnny—"All right: pass the butter."

Watermelon rind is no respector of persons, but will bounce a Christian just as soon as a man who goes fishing on Sunday.

Potatoes have human nature in them. Starch-makers say the smallest ones have in them the most capacity for becoming stiff and stuck up.

The transformations of nature are wonderful. Put a herring in a tin box with some cotton-seed oil, and it immediately turns into a sardine.

Two Englishmen met in mid-ocean on the deck of a steamer. One asked, "Going across?" "Yes, coming?" And then the conversation ceased.

It is stated that the county in Massachusetts that displayed the greatest decrease in population, is still rich in ten brass bands. The emigration is accounted for.

A great deal has been written about learning to say "no." If you would teach a man to say no, just ask him "if he would like to pay that little bill to-day."

A somewhat aged bachelor, on getting married, was presented by a friend with a copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and by another with "Dante's Inferno."

"Oh, aunt!" cried little Amy, in the nursery, the other day, "make Freddy behave himself; every time I happen to hit him on the head with a mallet he bursts out crying!"

"Never look at your boy when he is speaking," writes a father. It embarrasses him when he is explaining how he happened to be in school and out playing ball at the same time.

"How does cramp in the stomach resemble marriage?" inquired Smith, meeting Smithers, the other day. And after Smithers had given it up, he explained: "It doubles you up."

"Poets are born, not made." The difficulty, then, seems to be in their ancestry, and not in their bringing up. Instead, therefore, of killing the poet, you must murder his great-grandfather.

A man bought a new patent stove, and tried it in the sitting-room. "The man who said that where was so much smoke there is sure to be some fire, is a fals-i-fier," he remarked that evening.

An agricultural exchange says that horse-collars should be washed with carbolic acid. Very little starch should be used, however, in doing them up, as it annoys the horse to have his collars too stiff.

A South Carolina woman rode twenty-five miles through a drenching rain to marry the man she loved. Seems as though a man would be rather shy about marrying a woman with so much energy as that.

An eight-year-old Brooklyn boy, the other day, after a few moments spent in deep study, turned to his mother and asked: "Ma, don't you think we'd better send word that we don't want any more children?"

Jones, who had been off fishing all day, and had caught two small fishes, was, on his return, thus accosted by Smith: "Well, what luck have you had?" "Oh, pretty fair," said Jones. "I caught a hundred or two."

"Where's Johnny?" inquired Mrs. Blueskin, as she was walking along with her husband and family. "Oh, he's right behind," responded the fond father, looking back at the lagging offspring. "Is he? I thought he might be left behind," said Mrs. B., without betraying the slightest emotion.

"Are checks fashionable now?" asked a highly-dressed dude of his tailor, as he looked over his goods. "I don't believe they are, sir," was the reply, "for I haven't seen any around lately." He looked so hard at the young man when he said it that it caused an absence in the shop very rapidly.

The militia of the different States, while they may be good soldiers, are generally set down as N. G.

There was a man so slow that he would not jump when his wife suddenly asked him: "Where did that hair on your coat-collar come from?"

"What are the last teeth that come?" asked a teacher to her class in physiology. "False teeth, mum," replied a boy who had just waked up in a back seat.

Merchant—"He was an excellent bookkeeper. He kept our books for many years in an exemplary way. I should have kept him at it." Friend—"What did you do?" Merchant—"I made him cashier." Friend—"How did he do in his new position?" Merchant—Excellently—excellently. He kept the cash."

A tramp who asked for breakfast at a farm house, and was refused a single crust, exclaimed, with an injured air: "Alas! how deceptive is human nature! For two nights I have slept in your barn, eaten of your apples, and drunk your cider, and now you treat me as an utter stranger who has no claim upon your friendship!"

"Yes, they are excellent boots," said the boot-maker to the young lady purchaser; "they will wear like iron." "Do you think the buttons are sewed on securely?" she asked. "They are; the boots are supplied with the 'old maid's wedding' button, a new invention." "Why is it called the 'old maid's wedding' button?" "Because it never comes off."

An 18 carat fool: Jeweler (to new boy): "Did you sell anything while I was out, Johnny?" New boy—"Yes, sir; I sold six plain gold rings." Jeweler (very much pleased)—"Good, my boy; we'll make a first-class jeweler of you one of these days. You got the regular price, of course?" New boy—"Oh, yes, sir. The price was marked on the inside 18c., an' the gentleman took all there was left."

Young Men!--Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to those afflicted with nervous debility, and all kindred troubles. Also very efficient for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

HUMPHREYS'

Manual of all Diseases,
By F. HUMPHREYS, M. D.
RICHLY BOUND IN
CLOTH and GOLD
Mailed Free.

	LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations		.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic		.25
3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants		.25
4	Diarrhea of Children or Adults		.25
5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic		.25
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting		.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis		.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache		.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo		.25

HOMEOPATHIC

10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods	.25
12	Whites, too Profuse Periods	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria	.50
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding	.50
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head	.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs	.50
24	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
27	Kidney Disease	.50
28	Nervous Debility	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed	.50
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00

SPECIFICS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., 109 Fulton St. N.Y.

PHONOGRAPHY or Phonetic Short-Hand. Catalogue of works by Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard, with alphabet and illustrations for beginners sent on application. Address: PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PHONETIC SHORTHAND. Osgoodby's Method for Self-Instruction. Price, $1.50. Special Instruction by Mail, $5. Send stamp for Specimen Pages, etc. W. W. OSGOODBY, Publisher, Rochester, N. Y.

YOU You can now make a Fortune. A new guide to rapid wealth, with 240 fine engravings, sent Free to any person. This is a chance of a lifetime. So write at once to LYNN & CO., 769 Broadway, New York.

Man Wanted SALARY $75 to $100 for our business in his locality. Responsible house. References exchanged. GAY BROS., 12 Barclay St., N.Y.

A Casket of Silver Ware Free
To any person who will show it to their neighbors, act as our agent and send orders. Give your nearest express and Post Office address. Address CONN. MANFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

This New Chased Ring 144 New Scrap Pictures and 12 New Hidden Name Cards, all for 10c. worth 25c. New Sample Book and Premium List 4c. F. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

20 All Hidden Name Cards, an elegant 48 page floral Autograph Album, 6 French Dolls with wardrobe of 12 pieces, and 200 New Scrap Pictures, all for 25 Cents. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

CANVASSERS wanted. People's Encyclopedia. Send 25 cents for outfit at once. H. M. BROCKSTEDT, 418 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Sample Book containing 51 samples of new Cards for 2c. to pay postage. FREE! Centerbrook Card Co., Centerbrook, Ct.

6 Cents For 81 New Chromo Scrap & Gold Edge Cards. Essex Card Works, Ivoryton, Ct.

200 New Scrap Pictures & Agent's Album of 40 Gold Samples for 10c. Steam Card Works, Hartford, Ct.

100 Fine Cards and Scrap Pictures and elegant finger Ring 10c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Ct.

144 Scrap Pictures, 12 Hidden name Cards, 7 New samples for 1886, 10c. I. B. Husted, Nassau, N. Y.

33 Photos of Female Beauties 10c., sure to suit. Ill. cat. 3c. Gem Agency, Orleans, Ind.

One Experience of Many.

Having experienced a great deal of "Trouble" from indigestion, so much so that I came near losing my

Life!

My trouble always came after eating any food—

However light
And digestible,

For two or three hours at a time I had to go through the most

Excruciating pains,

"And the only way I ever got"

"Relief"

Was by throwing up all my stomach contained!! No one can conceive the pains I had to go through, until

"At last?"

I was taken! "So that for three weeks I lay in bed and

Could eat nothing!!!

My sufferings were so that I called two doctors to give me something that would stop the pain.

Their efforts were no good to me.

At last I heard a good deal

"About your Hop Bitters!

And determined to try them."

Got a bottle—in four hours I took the contents of

One!!!!

Next day I was out of bed, and have not seen a

"Sick!"

Hour, from the same cause, since.

I have recommended it to hundreds of others. You have no such

"Advocate as I am."

GEO. KENDALL, Allston, Boston, Mass.

Downright Cruelty.

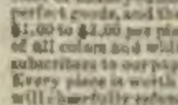
To permit yourself and family to

"Suffer!"

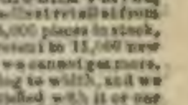
With sickness when it can be prevented and cured so easily

With Hop Bitters!!!

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.



R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER YUN TILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS. INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From fore-end back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

11 Yds. VELVET RIBBON Given Away.

Having closed out the stock of a large Dry Goods House in New York, lately retired from business, we are now prepared to GIVE AWAY to any lady, 11 Yds. of SILK VELVET RIBBON and Cover Cost to Us 25 Cts. for 3 months subscription to Farm and Household, our large 32 page illustrated paper, containing 16 pages on Farm topics, 10 pages Household matter prepared expressly for the ladies, & 12 pages of stories, with and humor, biographies and general miscellany for the family, and we will send you postpaid, 1 piece of 11 yards, Silk Velvet Ribbon in any color or shade you may select. This Ribbon is Pure Silk Velvet, perfect goods, and the identical same ribbon that will retail at from $1.00 to $2.00 per piece of 11 yards. We have 15,000 pieces in stock, of all colors and widths, which we propose to present to 15,000 new subscribers to our paper. When this is exhausted we cannot get more. Every piece is worth from $1.00 to $2.00 according to width, and we will cheerfully refund money to any lady dissatisfied with it or our paper. Address, FARM AND HOUSEHOLD, HARTFORD, CONN.

This company enjoys the unusual reputation of doing just as they agree, always returning money to dissatisfied customers.—Editor "Good Cheer," Greenfield, Mass.

TO WEAK MEN suffering from nervous debility, weakness of body and mind, loss of memory, mental and physical exhaustion,—I will send you a valuable treatise upon the above diseases, also directions for home cure, free of charge. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR

A BIG OFFER. To introduce them, we will GIVE AWAY 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you want one send us your name, P.O. and express office at once. THE NATIONAL CO., 239 Broadway St., N. Y.

WANTED An active Man or Woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary $75 per Month and Expenses. Canvassing outfit and particulars FREE. STANDARD SILVER-WARE CO., Boston, Mass.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

AGENTS can make money collecting Family Pictures to enlarge; all styles. Pictures guaranteed. Special inducements. EMPIRE CRAYON CO., 30 Canal Street, N.Y.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Among the latest novelties, are very attractive fancy velvets and plushes, more especially adapted to carriage and dinner toilets. These goods have surface ornamentations of very brilliant colors on dark solid grounds.

The nap is thick and smooth and it is difficult to detect velvet from plush in many of the designs. Some of the velvet grounds have moss plush embossings. In the jardiniere designs the flowers are so delicately shaded that they very much resemble hand painting on the work executed by natives of Asia Minor, among the mountains above the vale of Cashmere.

The designs in Parisian rugs and India shawls are duplicated to marvelous perfection in some of these plush and velvet fabrics. Other patterns are in narrow, pencil stripes and checks. These lines are in the most brilliant tints or plain, dark grounds.

Another design has silk satin, moire or faille Francaise ground, and flowers and figures of raised plush or moss velvet; and still others in raised herring bone stripes of moss velvet.

For trimming and draping velvet costumes a fabric in silk, with a surface like fur or hair, and somewhat resembling a poodle or terrier dog, is employed. This is designed more especially for late Fall and early Winter costumes, and is more pronounced than unique and beautiful. Another peculiar style of dress trimming material is in imitation of bird plumage, such as the breast of a pheasant or impelau. The colorings are remarkably brilliant and beautiful, and must be exceedingly becoming to youth and beauty.

Another specialty now exhibited by this firm is the fancy dress fronts and sash to match. The grounds are of faille Francaise and ornamented with raised velvet and cashmere stripes. Aside from this ornamental front and sash for back drapery, the dress is made entirely of plain silk to match the groundwork. No other drapery or ornamentation is required, and the costume, when completed, is one of the most genteel. Other fronts and sashes are ornamented to represent Kensington paintings.

Moss embroidered fronts and sashes, also cuffs and collars to match, are illuminated by hand beadings of various colored steel, porcelain and crystal beads. Satin pearl beads, both round and cut, and in a diversity of tints, are employed in outlining these moss embroideries. Blue steel beads, polished till they resemble sapphire stones, are used on some of the more expensive pattern robes.

The iridescent and cashmere bead embroidery is again revived, and the more dazzling and showy, the more fashionable. For street and carriage wear the bead embroidered Angora goat cloth is in great favor for balls in the season.

The cloth is stout and durable and the beading, done by hand, wears nearly as long as the cloth. It has a hairy finish similar to the camel's hair when it first made its appearance in dress goods.

The material in smooth finished camel's hair or India cashmere with the entire surface covered by moss embroidery, is still used for promenade and house wear, but the costumes with embroidered fronts and scarfs are the most fashionable, and therefore most desirable for society belles.

For evening costumes a fine quality of Canton crape is employed. This comes in delicate blue, pale pink, ecru, fawn, lead color, lilac and light heliotrope tints. It is made over silk or used for drapery on light weight silks in plain solid colors.

For promenade, morning shopping and traveling purposes wide belts or girdles, with a bag attached and composed of alligator skins, are shown. These match the new style of high crowned walking hat, the crown of which is alligator skin and the brim of velvet or plush.

These, with Angora goat cloth suits, made quite plain and in princesse overdress style are considered a full equipment for the dashing belles of the period to do their shopping in.

Small colored jackets, with vests, are all the rage. They open over tulle or foulard plaitings. Large jackets are also very becoming, particularly when trimmed around with small drooping passementerie ornaments in the shade of the goods.

Russian jackets are of cloth and velvet, cut like a loose waist, with seams only under the arms and down the centre of the back. The waist is crossed and drawn in around the body under a wide belt of gilt galloon. Where the garment opens in fronts is a small velvet plastron.

The tight-fitting sleeves are cloth to the elbow and velvet below. The part forms deep cuffs, bordered with gilt galloon. The same galloon surrounds the jacket, which many be wore with a velvet or cloth skirts have a quill trimming on the left side.

This often consists of a wide round plait in a different material from the skirt, or of a number of bands of Russian and Egyptain galloon. A broad piece of embroidery may also serve for this purpose.

The grays have an abundance of yellow in all their shades this year; and in crepe de chine and soft silks, canary color is largely in favor, to mingle with velvet. A dark-brown velvet skirt has skimped ruffles of the velvet around the lower edge. The over-dress is cigar-brown silk, embroidered with small steel figures.

Amber beading (clouded amber), set in a background of leather, is a new trimming—of course, very expensive.

Bedouin folds are the long and gracefully curved folds which the dressmakers contrive to give the front drapery of the walking suit. It is hung so that the skirt falls straight with a square end when it joins the panel, yet lies in deep curving folds which are caught back at the right side.

Only trained hands can do it, for it requires the full length of the material to be held in hand, and it must be cut on a model or the wearer herself. Occasionally it is draped high on both sides. Yet the draperies are all narrow and are usually made of only one width of the goods. The effect is got out of length and not width. Puffings in the back of skirts are raised high, with the short waists and jackets now employed.

Aprons reach to the lower part of the skirt, and are separate from the puffing in the back to show a part of the dress on either side. Waists with these skirts are either belted around the body or have basques surrounded by loops of small flaps covered with drooping ornaments.

There are draperies of skirts drawn together on the ends and finished with tassels or with drooping ornaments of any kinds. The ends of scarfs are also tied in double knots and fringed on the borders.

In silks no draping is more fashionable at present than that arranged en cascade, it being applicable to overdresses and also to panel effects and back draperies. In the latter case the pleats lie flat, or there may be one deep full box-pleat in the centre and kilts at each side. The edges are adopted so that when it is draped it falls in zigzag folds, the under side being lined with a deeper or bright contrasting color, the two fabrics showing alternately in the cascades of the pleats.

The sleeve trimmings and corsage adornings are then arranged to have a similar effect, cascaded folds often being placed just over the line where the narrow vest and sides of the corsage meet.

Poplins, cashmeres and vigognes, made with a round waist, simply trimmed with surplice laids which cross each other at the belt, are very much worn for young ladies house dresses. The skirts are toyoked, and the sash at the waist is tied to form the only drapings in the back. This sash may be of surah of the same shade, or be made of the dress material finished all round with a deep hem.

Another style has the same waist, the skirt portion arranged with a long Grecian tunic in front and full waterfall drapery in the back. Ladies who are the reverse of slender prefer the cutaway basque and pointed vest to the round waist.

Fringe of the goods are seen on the fronts of some of the richest silks, where they lie upon the ruffle of the lower skirt. A handsome combination is the striped moire silk, alternating with satin stripes, which makes the apron or petticoat in front and is worn with the princess overdress of velvet.

Round hats are very close and high at the back, where all the feathers, birds' breasts, heads and aigrettes are set on. In the front is simply a glittering ornament of some kind laid on with a satin or velvet bow. To make the pleated flchus, which trim the fronts of sacque dresses for little girls, fit well to the figure, two small crosswise slits are cut on each side of the waist and hidden beneath a button covered with the material.

Domestic Economy.

Those tidy doormats covered with worsted fringe, said to be made of the durable "harness" (so-called) by which carpets are woven, are a favorite article in many a household, but often (to the regret of the housewife) finding their way all too soon to the ash-heap or to the rag-man—the frail lining breaking loose and sifting the paper wadding around.

To rescue such a mat, try his method: Make a bag of ticking; put in some feathers (hens' feathers are suitable), but not so many as to be bulky; cover with some dark cloth (woollen being comfortable), and bind it over the edges. Rip the fringe from the worn mat, and sew it to the new cushion. Each time when shaken it looks soft and fresh. It will long prove a favorite, either at the door or to offer to a guest on a cold day, or in the carriage or sleigh an inexpensive comfort.

The owner of a mosquito carpet is sometimes induced to sacrifice it rather than attempt to remodel it. But if once understood, the task is not so formidable. First ravel a small piece, and note how the smaller threads of the wool hold the chenille, as the soft wool may be styled, and how easily the little tufts fall out when this thread is pulled.

This is useful, since in joining two parts of the carpets, this wool must be picked away from the portion "seamed" in, otherwise the seams would be bungling. If two parts are to be joined, first look to matching the figure. This secured, having allowed one inch on each part to be joined, hem or fold one by a slight baste.

Then with a pocketknife lift away layers of the wool, at last drawing the thread that confines it. Overcast each edge with double carpet thread, securing thus only half of the inch hem, and then ravelling away the heavy cords of the other half. When the two edges have been so prepared, join them by stitching to and fro, not by backstitch, and the seam will be invisible.

In choosing shoes for children keep to the following rules if you wish them to grow up with beautiful feet: The inner side of each shoe should be as long as a tape measurement of the foot from the heel to tip of the big toe.

Across the toes the shoes should be of a natural breadth. The heel (for an older child) should be broad and low, and come under the natural heel. That brings "the waist of the sole," as it is called, the provision for a natural arch of the foot, in the right place, and in well made shoes this waist has a certain springiness and elasticity about it.

If the feet are not properly clothed the child cannot be well. The blood does not circulate freely; the exercise is painful on cramped feet, and the lungs do not get their full supply of oxygen. Young girls from twelve to eighteen should be especially watched over as regards their walking boots and slippers. If they have to walk tilted forward, by reason of high French heels, there is too much physical strain and the whole body is out of balance. This results in weak spines weak, eyes and more serious difficulties still.

Three teaspoonfuls of tea made hot first in the dry tea-pot before adding the hot water, will give you a stronger and better "drawing" than four which are thrown into a cold tea-pot and immediately deluged with boiling water. There is a fine art in making tea, and it is very easily learned.

How to boil water. Pity the sorrows of those families when the tea-kettle simmers all day long and is simply filled in from time to time at the top as it boils away.

The late Charles Delmonico taught his friends how to boil water. The secret is to put good fresh water into a clean, dry kettle already quite warm, and then use the freshly boiling water immediately for tea, coffee or the "hot water breakfast drink" and before it gets sodden with boiling. To let water steam until all the life is boiled out into the atmosphere of the kitchen and the dregs, only, left in the kettle is worse, Delmonico used to say, "than no water at all!" This means that the tea-kettle must be emptied frequently and dried on the range so as to be quite hot when the fresh water is put into it.

To renew the brightness of gas-fixtures, purchase at the paint store a powder of either gold or silver or copper, as best suits the taste. The salesman will supply the necessary brush, and also instructions how to apply. Any lady can at a cost of forty cents make the fixtures look "splendid."

Small fractures in a wall may be neatly repaired by plaster-of-paris wet with water. If a color be desired, wet the plaster with oil-paint of the same hue, or thicken the paint with flour or whiting.

One yard of new cotton flannel makes a nice duster for the piano, provided the same is kept exclusively for that piece of furniture.

When the splint bottom of a rustic or lawn chair is broken, cut it all away; and if the basket maker be not at hand, renew the seat in this manner: Procure heavy manilla rope; slit it, tie the strands, and wind them smoothly across the chair in one direction, taking care to have the knots beneath the seat; then cross and cover this new layer of cords by a transverse layer fastening the ends firmly.

This makes a durable seat, very pliable, and agreeable to sit upon. For cool weather a cushion is, of course, a comfortable addition.

To make a good oyster pie. If the oysters cook as long as the crust does they are overdone. If the pie is baked first and filled in afterwards then the blended richness of the oyster and under crust is lost. To get the true flavor of the pie the thickened liquor should be put inside of the pie, before it is baked.

No amount of cooking will hurt the oyster juice. If the oysters have been simply scalded in the liquor before it is put into the pie, and then set away in a covered bowl, the upper may be lifted when the pie is done and they can be put in at the last minute, before serving, getting their sufficient heating in the boiling liquor on their way to the table.

Even better than lifting the crust is to lift "the rose," the large ornament of pastry which fills the centre of the upper crust and put the oysters in the aperture. If this ornament is carefully put into the centre of the upper crust before baking there will be no difficulty in raising it from the pie.

Confidential Correspondents.

H. L. P.—Yes.

DARSIE.—Declined with thanks.

NELLIE.—Certainly not; it would be very rude.

A. H.—An American may own land in Great Britain without becoming a naturalized British subject.

O. I.—The will should hold good, but you had better ask a solicitor, as there may be attendant circumstances of which we know nothing.

A. D.—If you wish to keep your eyebrows do not attempt to dye them, nothing will take them off secure. 2. The writing wants practice.

PARKER.—The nineteenth chapter of the Second Book of Kings and the thirty-seventh of Isaiah are alike, as are also the thirty-first chapter of the First Book of Samuel and the tenth chapter of the First Chronicles.

ADA.—It certainly would not be proper for a lady to offer her picture to a gentleman, or to ask him for his. Certainly it is not "absolutely necessary" for lady to invite a gentleman in when he escorts her home; neither is it always proper to do so.

E. L. G.—The most favorable moment to rise and take leave, when making a call, is during a pause in the conversation. If pressed to remain, it is easy to reply that you have other calls to make, or that you have promised to be at home at a particular hour.

HECTOR.—When a married man is introduced to young ladies, the person introducing him should let them know that the stranger is married. Had this been done in the case you mention, all awkwardness, disappointment, and ill-feeling would have been avoided.

POLLY.—The writing may be improved. You say that you think a young gentleman likes you, but he has never told you so; and you ask how you are to behave towards him. You must behave just as if you did not notice anything particular on his part, until he avows his love and explains his intentions.

E. L. B.—The air enclosed between two windows greatly prevents the escape of heat which is produced within the house in winter. Thus, air is an imperfect conductor of heat. Houses which have double windows are likewise more quiet than others, from the air being also a bad conductor of sound.

OLAR.—Qui vive is the challenge of a French sentinel. Literally it is "Who lives?" but is equivalent to "Who goes there?" It is pronounced kee veev. A fiacre is a hackney-coach. It is pronounced fee-akr, with the accent on the first letter of the second syllable, the a being pronounced like ah, but sharply.

CONSTANT.—The reasons why a gentleman wears his left-hand glove, and not the right one, may be various. Perhaps because he has lost the right-hand one, or because he may have a fine ring on his right hand, which he wishes to display, or he may have a beautiful hand, and desires you to know it. There is no law on the subject.

A. L.—Cosmogony is the science of the formation of the universe. Credit Foncier is a peculiar method of borrowing money in France on the security of landed property. It is a loan repayable by instalments. Polo is an equestrian game introduced in England from India a few years since and thence here. It may be familiarly described as "shinney" on horseback.

VIOLET.—Yours is a masculine style of handwriting at present; you could improve it by copying a better model. Five feet six is a medium height for a man. Five feet ten to six feet is considered tall. You may write to us as often as you please. We willingly give our correspondents all the information and assistance which is in our power, and there is nothing to pay.

TOTTIE.—Yours is a hard case, whichever way it is viewed. The young lady who was healthy when you were engaged, will now never know any but feeble health. Your means are not ample, and you hesitate to bring care and trouble upon her. You should refer the case to the lady herself, and her decide the matter. Plain, honest, common sense alone suffices in speaking of such matters. Lovers should have no concealments about their future.

B. S. M.—You need not in the least trouble yourself about the few words you spoke, which were not at all liable to misinterpretation. Like many other girls elsewhere, you are over-sensitive and dwell too much upon minute trifles. A small sentence spoken in conversation in the way you mention would most probably never be noticed by the person to whom it was addressed, and would be forgotten by him immediately afterwards; whereas you go on brooding over it for a week together, and then write to ask our opinion about the supposed error. This over-sensitiveness really arises from the habit of attaching an excessive importance to our own small sayings and doings. Nobody—not even a lover—ever watches any one else so closely as your question implies. We each of us torture ourselves daily about five hundred things which we fancy other people must have noticed in us; but they are not thinking of us at all. At that very moment they are doing precisely the same thing as we are—torturing themselves by thinking how fearfully they have put their foot into it with us.

READER.—With regard to thought-reading, as you ask our candid opinion on the matter, we should say that is probably consists in about equal parts of the following miscellaneous ingredients—trickery, self-deception, ignorance as to the laws of evidence, love of the miraculous, and strong predisposition to believe anything odd, supernatural, or hyperphysical. In all those delusions some people are knaves, some are dupes, and some, no doubt, are an impartial mixture of the two in equal quantities. We have ourselves taken part in some thought-reading seances, but have never found that any adequate precautions were taken against confederacy and other ordinary conjuring devices. We believe the thing is mainly juggling. There is a quasi-scientific association which busies itself about all these matters—the Society for Psychical Research; but, as it is also deeply interested in hunting up ghost-stories, examining haunted houses, and otherwise bolstering up with its authority the most puerile superstitions, we would advise all sensible people to have nothing at all to say to its voluminous and extraordinary transactions.